The Centre Reporter.

VOL. { OLD SERIES, XL. NEW SERIES. XVIII. CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1885. NO 27.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

THE Indians are getting troublesome. Generals Sheridan and Niles are pushing on to the scene of disturbance.

THE latest from General Grant is that he is feeling better, takes plenty of food without pain and his voice is clearer.

THE Lewistown *Gazette* is displeased because Curtin men in Mifflin county are getting the appointments. We should like to know whether this radical grumbler expected Republicans to get the appointments.

A FIFTY barrel oil well has been struck at Trout Run, eighteen miles west of Williamsport. That is the closest strike yet to Centre county, and we are becoming alarmed, lest some maiden here will exclaim: "Dad struck ile."

GOVERNOR PATTISON has just completed the examination of the three hundred and twenty-four bills passed at the recent session of the Pennsylvania legislature. He used the veto power more liberally than any other governor of the state. One hundred and four bills received his disapproval, and in three instances his objections were overruled by a two-thirds vote of the legislature. Over $400,000 were saved the state by the veto of appropriation bills.

JOHN ROACH, the prince of ship builders, who has been having a fat thing under previous administrations, is having the brakes drawn on him sorely under Cleveland. Attorney General Garland has rendered a decision on three points relative to the acceptance of the Dolphin by the government, submitted to him by Secretary Whitney. The attorney general holds that the vessel cannot be accepted by the secretary of the navy; that no contract exists between John Roach and the government, and that the large sum of money paid to him for the vessel may be recovered.

THE latest crop reports are more favorable than previous ones, and the yield will be above what we were led to expect from the reports all along since spring. This will have a slightly depressing effect on prices, and it is seen in the decline of wheat to 83½ cents last week. Still it seems to us that these figures are unnatural, and that prices should be better. We are of the opinion we held last week, and attribute the low prices to the gamblers in wheat, and that speculation is at the bottom of it to the detriment of the farmer.

QUAY'S nomination last week means Beaver's nomination next year. Well, we are satisfied if only General Beaver is. The General is doing his best to make no enemies, and won't commit himself where there are two sides. He is becoming educated in the arts of the politician who looks to sweep. We do not believe that General Beaver is a dyed-in-the-wool machine politician, but he is willing to run with the machine long enough to make the governorship, and if he makes it we think he will switch off on a siding of his own and make the machine put up on the outside of the executive chamber.

REWARD THE FAITHFUL!

The active, working Democrats who have borne the heat and burden of the battle for party success are the ones who should receive the offices, all other things being equal. It is no disgrace to ask for office as a reward for services to party. On the contrary, it is a decent and honorable ambition.

Unfortunately, impudence very often pushes merit aside. Nothing brings the political sucker to the surface so quickly as party success. While the party was struggling to get into power that species of fish lay very low and quiet, but as soon as the spoils are in sight they appear and manifest all of the greed of the shark and seem ready to eat those who have devoted their lives and fortunes to the service of the party. Let them be relegated to the depths in which they concealed themselves while the conflict was raging.

Democratic veterans to the front! Let the men who strove and suffered for the party be put on guard and the laggards and loafers who took no interest in politics until the battle was over, go to the rear, where they belong.

The above remarks, from the *Morning Patriot*, may be read with profit in the latitude of Centre county as well as elsewhere. We have these political "suckers" here—they do nothing for the party only at the time they want an office. Other "suckers" come over as soon as they see the party is going to win, and in a single year's stay have the impudence to ask for fat places and crowd themselves to the front. And then there are those foolish enough to be led away by the gush of the "suckers," spoken of by the *Patriot*. These "suckers" invariably are the demagogues of the community.

THE STRIKES.

The following is a fair summary of the late strikes in Chicago, by the street car drivers, and in Cleveland by the iron workers:

One thousand conductors and drivers of the West Division street railroad, of Chicago, went on a strike on the morning of June 30th. The street car company has not been able to run any of its cars regularly. On July 1st an attempt was made to run cars on Madison street, which resulted in a serious encounter between the strikers and the police. On July 3d, under the protection of the entire reserve police force of the city, six cars, sent out by the West Division railway company, succeeded in making their way into the business centre of the city. They also completed a second journey safely. The police arrested every one who made a jeering remark. At Hoyne avenue, while clearing away an obstruction, the crowd rushed at the cars, and the police used their clubs freely. On July 4th Mayor Harrison addressed letters to the strikers and to the car company, begging them to refer the dispute to arbitration. The president of the car company, although he has returned no answer to Mayor Harrison's letter, has substantially announced in interviews that his company will not accept that method of settling its difficulties with its employes. The mayor has issued a proclamation to the people of Chicago. In it he says, after referring to the strike, that, during the week, acts of violence have been committed while the company has been trying to run its cars, and that feeling has been intensified by people remaining upon the street. The company, the mayor says, applied to him for protection on July 6th under its charter rights, and he warns the citizens to keep off Madison street until the present excitement has subsided. "The police," he continues, "will do their duty at all hazards."

Four thousand men, employes of the Cleveland rolling mill company, of Cleveland, Ohio, struck on July 1st. Since the great strike of 1882, employes of this corporation have suffered reductions in wages which, in the aggregate, have lowered their wages fully one-half. On June 30th the general manager posted a notice of a further reduction, to take effect on July 1st. The men deliberated during the night, and at 4 o'clock in the moring a body of them left the mill on a strike. They were rapidly followed by the workmen in the rail, new rod, hoop, puddle, barguide, blooming and butt mills, and the Seemens & Martin Steel works. The only departments which continued operations were the Bessemer steel works and the wire and brick rod mills. Later, the boiler makers and the yard brakemen struck. On July 2nd, about eight o'clock, two or three hundred men, chiefly Bohemians and Poles, employes of the wire mills, who joined the strike, gathered outside the yards, beat down the gates and marched in, compelling all the laborers and teamsters they met to stop work at once. One teamster whipped up his horses and attempted to drive through the crowd. A shower of stones was hurled upon him and his horses. One of the missiles struck the man on the head, inflicting a serious wound. The strikers have refused to return to work at their old wages, and demand a 25 per cent. increase and two weeks' pay before returning to work.

THE *Times'* Harrisburg special, speaking of Quay's nomination, says: "The campaign, I am convinced, will be lively and entertaining. With Quay and Cooper it will be in the shrewdest hands in the state. They are not going to allow it to be fought on the personal record of the candidate for state treasurer and become defensive. It will be a fight, from their standpoint, for the life and future of the Republican party. They will direct the mind of the party voter to the importance of next year, when a governor, legislature and United States senator, with a full delegation in congress, will be at stake. Beyond this will be noted the importance of preparing the party, by early and decided successes, for recovering control of the administration at Washington. It has already been insiduously given out that Quay's success this year means General Beaver's election for governor next year, and Beaver now has the Republican heart of the state completely. Last winter, in the caucus which nominated Cameron for senator, mention of Beaver's name as a prospective candidate for governor was greeted with applause. It was repeated in the late convention when Cessna brought Beaver up in the same way. Quay is for Beaver, and so is Cooper, and the same Republicans who are expected to elect Beaver governor next year are expected to elect Quay treasurer this year. This plan of campaign will be dexterously unrolled by Cooper later on in the season.

THE IMMORALITY OF LONDON.

The Pall Mall *Gazette* has just created another of those social sensations at which it has always been great. After months of investigation it has begun the publication of a strtement, the first instalment of which occupied five of its pages, which points to the existence of such systematized licentiousness in the British capital as well nigh transcends belief. Yet its revelations, revolting as they are, cannot be said to be inconsistent with the recognized drift of London society. So acute an observer and philosophical a thinker as Matthew Arnold has long deplored the growing materialism and animalism of the English aristocracy, and the record of the divorce court, especially of late years, would go far towards supporting his position. It was only the other day that the infant son of the Countess of Aylesford was judicially declared to be illegitimate, although born in the Earl of Aylesford's lifetime, and since then the public has been told that the Duke of Marlborough, for whom she left her husband, has turned her adrift. It would be easy to multiply instances of this aristocratic immorality, but it is unnecessary. They will suggest themselves. The evil is notorious, and our readers may remember that a few Sundays ago Charles H. Spurgeon, the famous Baptist preacher, made it the subject of a powerful discourse. Nor is the situation strange. History shows that the combination of idleness and wealth invariably results in moral corruption. It is and always has been so in the east; it was so with the ancient Romans of the imperial era, and with the French nobles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There is no reason why it may not be so in England to-day. Labor is what keeps society sweet, and robust is the morality that can withstand the temptations of moneyed leisure. Happily in the United States rich men are men of affairs, and the idlers are few, but in England the "upper ten" live only for the pursuit of pleasure. Under such circumstances the hideous disclosures made by the Pall Mall *Gazette* are not incredible.

MORMONISM seems to have fallen upon evil times, and almost every day something happens to harrow up the souls of the Latter-day saints. No word of cheer comes from north, east, south or west. For nearly a year they have watched and waited for the light to dawn; but the darkness has grown thicker instead. It was bad enough when, in March, President Cleveland, in his inaugural, declared solemnly: "Polygamy must and shall be repressed." It was worse when, in May, he declared to a Mormon delegation: "It is my duty to see that the Edmunds law is enforced as well all other laws" But the worst was reserved for the last of June. For then Justice Field tarried a day in Salt Lake en route for the Pacific coast—he, the Democratic judge, and whom the Mormons have always regarded as their champion; and he, even he, under the very shadow of the great temple, and not far (probably) from where Taylor and Cannon lie hidden for "the Gospel's" sake, had the depravity and heartlessness to utter these words: "I believe it is the determination of the government, so far as legal efforts are concerned, to continue the enforcement of the law." And then, since in Utah, as elsewhere, it never rains but it pours, two sons of the "prophet" Joseph, and one of them bearing his father's name, and claiming to be his only legal successor in headship of the church, in all gifts of inspiration, etc., are in Zion of the Wahsatch for the summer, to take advantage of current griefs and alarms to call the saints away from polygamy and other errors and enormities, to seek refuge and peace in the bosom of the reorganized church. Certainly, the brothers are making a great stir, are preaching almost daily, and something may come of their efforts. But, all the same, the theoretic leaders, visible and invisible, continue to exhort the brethren to be steadfast, and to hold out faithful to the end. And, curiously, those who have fled the furthest from the courts, and so are safest, plead most touchingly for the prevalence and growth of the martyr spirit (in *others*.)

A PLEASURE PARTY GOES TO THE BOTTOM IN A STORM.

St. Paul, July 12.—Reports received here at 9 p. m., show that a furious storm struck Lake Minnetonka this morning, capsizing a steam yacht, and eight persons being drowned, including ex-Mayor Rand, of Minneapolis, and his two daughters, Mr. Coykendall and his son-in-law, and three others whose names are not known. All sorts of rumors are afloat, but no particulars have yet been received.

SAD ACCIDENT IN A GRAIN FIELD. DEATH ENSUES.

Dayton, Ohio, July 12.—A most distressing accident occurred last evening between Carlisle and Germantown. Cap. Cross, a lad ten years of age, was assisting an older brother in reaping a field of grain, when he was caught in the reaper, and had both legs cut off below the knee. The lad died this evening.

QUAY'S nomination is a bad one, says the New York *World*, and gives its reasons, as follows:

The Republicans of Pennsylvania have placed Matthew S. Quay on their ticket for state treasurer despite the protest of a minority against the nominee, both on account of his offensive political affiliations and his bad official record.

Politically Mr. Quay is a sub boss. Subject himself to the Cameronian ring dictatorship, he assumes a boss-ship on his own account, just as the Mock Duke assumes the character of the real duke in the play and becomes even more imperious and offensive than the actual ruler. Officially Boss Quay is not above suspicion. When the notorious Kemble, of "Addition, Division and Silence" fame, was convicted of bribing the Pennsylvania legislature to pass a four million job and sentenced to fine and imprisonment, Quay was on the board of pardons. Kemble forfeited his bail and ran away, but was discovered and taken back. Then his money was brought into play and the board of pardons remitted the imprisonment part of the sentence, letting the convicted briber escape with a light fine. Quay "bossed" the job.

Of course bribery and corruption are not regarded as heinous offenses in Pennsylvania, and as the Republican majority is large and reliable, Quay, who is a "good fellow" and spends money freely, will probably be elected. Yet the people will not forget that Quay's board of pardons, which tenderly kept Briber Kemble out of jail, obstinately refused to spare a single misguided "Molly Maguire" from the gallows. This may be remembered, and the people may have some feeling against the hangman of the Molly Maguires, notwithstanding the effort made by the President of the Republican Convention to cover him up and hide him under the "bloody shirt."

THE Republican State Convention met at Harrisburg last Wednesday, and on the first ballot nominated Col. M. S. Quay for state treasurer. There were three or four other candidates, but Quay had a walk-over, in regular machine order. Quay has been a machine boss for twenty years, and has, in all that time, been in the Cameron interest, hence his nomination was made in obedience to orders, and the machine would have been untrue to itself had it not nominated Mr. Quay, who is the right sort of a man for all who believe in having bosses and machine politics.

Mr. Quay is a shrewd, keen, political worker. He does not belong to the school of statesmen who direct parties from the forum, or who are the originators of great ideas and the eloquent advocates of great principles in debate. He is, on the other hand, an adroit manipulator of wires and a director behind the scenes. He has never made a speech in his life, in which respect he is like the Camerons. His skill in handling the party ribbons has placed him in charge of the Republican chaise, and the men of talent in the party must either not ride along at all or ride whither he pleases to drive, and jump on at his command and be dumped off at his will. With the Camerons and Quay at the helm, men of talent are not in demand.

WANTING BREAD OR BLOOD.

The Flag of the Commune Waves Threateningly in Cleveland.

Cleveland, Ohio, July 8.—The strikers have held two meetings to-day, and paraded with a red flag at their head. They have compelled street paving laborers and street commissioner's men to quit work. It was rumored to-night that they were to march on the city hall, but they did not. At this hour three fires are raging in the city—one in Bell, Cartwright & Co.'s planing mill on the flats, at which Fireman Fred Wilder was fatally injured by a falling wall; another on Dile street, in Ward Fourteen, the ward where the strikers congregate. Four dwelling houses and a dancing hall have been burned and the fire is spreading. Another fire is burning in Ward Fifteen, but it will not be so disastrous. The people who laid the great fires of last fall to Communists ascribe those occurring to-night to the same source.

The strikers learned to-day that the Union steel screw works, which they shut up yesterday, were to start up in full force to-morrow, and will probably make an attack on them in the morning. The police board has been in session all day and many detectives are watching the strikers' movements. The militia has been notified to be on hand, and two Gatling guns, with thousands of rounds of ammunition, will be run out to-morrow, and if the mob makes an attack they will be shot down. The citizens had a meeting this morning at the mayor's office, and everybody is thoroughly aroused. The G. A. R. has tendered its services. One of the strikers at the meeting to-day said: "This is a fight for bread or blood, and we will win or die." They have made a second demand of President Chisholm, of the rolling mills, who received them more kindly, but said he could not now advance their pay, but said he would so as soon as times would warrant.

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.

Justice Trunkey, of the supreme court, has handed down an opinion in the case of Elliot, treasurer, vs. Himrod, et. al., which came up on writ of error to the common pleas of Erie county. The action in the lower court was brought against the defendants, as partners, for the recovery of the amount of two notes given for money borrowed for the use of the firm. In 1873 the defendants, together with John W. Hammond, now dead, formed a partnership for the manufacture of boots and shoes, with the ultimate design of forming a corporation. They agreed upon a sum as capital, more than three-fourths of which was paid. Nearly all this money was expended in the erection of a building and the purchase of tools and machinery. The defense to this action was that the above association, known as the Keystone boot and shoe company, had been changed into a limited partnership under the act of 1874. A statement had been recorded on September 29, 1874, setting out that $40,000 capital had been paid in cash, and also the amount subscribed and paid by each member. In point of fact no money at all was paid by any one of the partners, but the property of the old firm was treated as cash paid into the new one. The only change, therefore, was the ostentatious exhibition of the word "limited" after the name of the company.

Justice Trunkey holds, reversing the court below, that under these circumstances the partners cannot limit their liability to the firm assets. The statement, which was recorded, was simply a falsehood, and it cannot be used to aid them in evading their legal liabilities. The judgment is therefore reversed and judgment entered for the plaintiffs for $6,174.70.

FEARFUL WORK OF A MAD DOG.

Anna, Ill., July 8.—John C. Tygett, a wealthy farmer and blooded stock man living near this place, owned a fine bulldog, which went mad yesterday, and ran snapping and biting about the house, and, dashing into the dooryard, encountered a bevy of little girls playing, and in an instant had bitten three of them upon the hands, faces and limbs. They were all children of Tygett. The animal then made his way into an adjacent field, where he bit twenty or thirty head of thoroughbred cattle, finally escaping into the timber. A posse of men hunted the animal down after a chase, shooting him dead, but not until he had shown fight, attempting to bite several of the farmers. A number of cattle died this morning in great agony, of hydrophobia, and it is probable the entire herd will succumb to the dreadful disease. Thus far the children have not suffered from their wounds, and this morning Tygett sent to Anna for a madstone. It is feared several other dogs were bitten. Tygett loses $10,000 worth of cattle.

THE ANNAMITE ATTACK UPON THE FRENCH AT HUE.

Fifteen Hundred Asiatic Corpses Strewn Around the Citadel.

Paris, July 6.—General Courcy, commander of the French forces, telegraphs from Hue in regard to the attack made upon him by the Annamite-garrison the night after his arrival at the capital. He gives the loss in killed and wounded on both sides as follows: French, 60; Annamites, 1,500. After his engagement, General Courcy occupied the citadel, which he found to contain 1,000 guns. He has also ordered that reinforcements be sent to him from Haiphong. The press of Paris, in speaking of the attack, insist that a severe and striking punishment should be administered to the Annamites. They also express the belief that the attack was the result of a conspiracy formed by China. M. de Freycinet, minister for foreign affairs, has ordered General Courcy to extract from the government at Hue an immediate reparation for the attack.

Hue, July 6, midnight.—We remain in possession of the citadel. After the shameful attack by all the Annamite troops, our troops awoke and found their quarters on fire, and themselves being bombarded. They held their ground until daybreak, when they advanced and routed the enemy. From 1,200 to 1,600 Annamite corpses cover the ground. Our loss are sixty killed and wounded. I will send you the details of the occurrence to-morrow, together with a list of the rewards for this feat of arms, which redounds to the honor of our brave officers and soldiers. I am warned of an attack upon the legation to-night and am myself looking out. All will go well.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN ALBANY.

Albany, N. Y., July 12.—A. W. Burch's stables, together with twenty-three horses, a number of valuable carriages, a quantity of harness, etc., were destroyed by fire this morning. The flames communicated to James A. Gray's piano factory, which, with valuable stock, was also destroyed. During the progress of this fire four men were buried under the falling walls.

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

Belfast, Me., July 12.—A fire broke out this morning in the stables of the Belfast livery company, and communicated to Fawes' block, and to the American House and Hiram Trundy's carriage shop, all of which were destroyed. Wesley Twombley and John Casey were burned to death in the stable. Twenty horses also perished.

KEY OF DEATH.

In the collection of curiosities preserved in the arsenal of Venice there is a key, of which the following singular tradition is related:

"About the year 1600 one of those dangerous men, in whom extraordinary talent is only the fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice. The stranger whose name was Tebaldo, became enamored of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another. He demanded her hand in marriage, and was of course rejected. Enraged at this, he studied how to be revenged.

"Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined. This was a key of a large size, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned round with little difficulty; when turned, it discovered a spring, which, on pressure, launched from the other end a needle or lancet of such subtle firmness that it entered into the flesh and buried itself there without leaving external trace. Tebaldo waited in disguise at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. Thea assassin sent the slender steel unperceived into the breast of the bridegroom.

"The wounded man had no suspicion of injury, but seized with a sudden sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to his house amid the lamentations of the the bridal party. Vain was all the skill of the physicians, who could not devise the cause of this strange illness; and in a few days he died. Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal. They, too, perished miserably in a few days. The alarm which these deaths—which appeared almost miraculous—occasioned, excited the utmost vigilance of the magistrates; and when, on close examination of the bodies, the small instrument was found in the gangrened flesh, terror was universal; every one feared his own life. The maiden thus cruelly orphaned had passed the first months of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak with her at the grate. The race of the foreigner had been ever displeasing to her, but since the death of all those most dear to her it had become odious (as though she had a presumption of his guilt), and her reply was most decisive in the negative. Tebaldo, beyond himself with rage, attempted to wound her through the the grate, and succeeded; the obscruity of the place prevented his movements being observed. On her return to her room the maiden felt a pain in her breast, and uncovering it, she found it spotted with a single drop of blood. The pain increased; the surgeons who hastened to her assistance, taught by the past, wasted no time in conjecture, but, cutting deep into the wounded part extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady. The State Inquisition used every means to discover the hand which delt these insidious and irresistable blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. The house was carefully searched, the infamous invention discovered, and he perished on the gibbet."

IMPRESSIONS OF A SUICIDE.

Not many days ago a student (in Paris) still in his teens, having loved too well, but not wisely, resolved, in his despair, to kill himself. Being of a literary and rather romantic turn of mind, the foolish youth, after writing a letter to his parents, asking their pardon for the grief he was about to cause them, determined to leave behind him his "impressions" as the poison he had swallowed took effect. He absorbed the poison in an American grog at a Parisian *cafe*. Then withdrawing to a private room of the establishment he took up a pen to jot down his impressions. "I am going to die," ran this strange document, the beginning of which was written in a firm handwriting, the concluding sentences being almost illegible, for the writer was in his death agony. "Am I afraid? No, I want to die, though a bright future was in store for me. But I loved. It is good to love, but it is also fatal." After these reflections the unfortunate lad began to suffer intolerable agony, which he depicted in disjointed phrases. The poison "burnt his throat, his chest, his heart." He could no longer note down his impressions. He had but life left to write the last words, "*Au revoir, adieu*," and all was over. Two hours later his bereaved parents claimed the remains of this poor silly lad, who sacrificed his life because his boyish passions was unrequited by the object of it.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—William E. Woodruff, Sr., died on the 19th in Little Rock, in the 90th year of his age. In 1819 he founded the *Arkansas Gazette*, and when Arkansas was admitted to the Union was its first State Treasurer.

—James T. Fanning, an actor, known formerly throughout the United States as an impersonator of "Uncle Tom," was on the 19th, at his own request, sent to the House of Industry, in Boston, for six months, on a charge of vagrancy. The old man asked that his dog be allowed to go with him, and this request was granted.

—Edward Hanlon and John Tremer on the 19th drew up articles of agreement in Buffalo for five boat races. The races will be in length two, three, three and one-half, four and five miles each, all with a turn unless otherwise agreed upon. Each race is to be rowed for $500 a side, with the privilege of increasing the stakes. The dates of the races are August 8th and 22d, September 5th and 19th and October 3d. They will be rowed upon waters mutually agreed upon. In case of a failure to agree, either as to the referee, the course or the details of the races, the final stockholder shall have full power to name the course and the referee. The New York *Clipper* is the final stakeholder. The first deposit is to be $1250. The rules and regulations f the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen are to govern the races.

—The President on the 19th, appointed the following Collectors of Internal Revenue: Robert Black, for the First District of New York; Matthew H. Vanderveer, for the Third District of New Jersey; Francis S. Shields for the District of Louisiana; George H. Davison, for the Sixth District of Kentucky; Thomas Hanlon, for the Seventh District of Indiana; James W. Newman, for the Eleventh District of Ohio; Christian I. Knecht, for the Sixth District of Ohio; Adolph Biermann, for the District of Minnesota.

—The five-story brick building at Greenwich and Reade streets, New York, was burned out on the 21st, in the upper stories. Hermance Dickinson & Co., commission merchants, occupied most of the building. They used the top stories for storing woollen goods principally. Their loss on stock will reach $85,000, while $15 000 will cover the damage to the building. A fireman was severely injured by falling through a skylight.

—The grasshopper is doing much damage in California. Specimens of the insect have been sent from several parts of the State to Professor Riley, at Washington, and he finds them to be the *melanoplus devastator* and the *caloptenus differentialis*. "The last named is common to all parts of the land, and seldom proves very desructive, while the other is pecullar to the Pacific slope, and is probably doing the present work of destruction."

—A telegram from Pittsburg says that work was suspended on the 20th in nearly every coal pit in the first two two pools, and a general shut-down of the river mines is looked for next week. Dull trade and overstocked markets are the causes assigned for the suspensions.

—Thomas W. Bartley, ex-Lieutenant Governor, Acting Governor and Chief Justice of Ohio, died on the 20th, in Washington. He was a leader in the Democratic party, and published and edited the *American Register*, a weekly paper. He was a brother-in-law of General Sherman and Senator Sherman.

—The Dover (Delaware) *Sentinel* publishes eleven and a half columns of letters from peach growers, indicating that on the whole the yield will not be so large as the earlier estimates foreshadowed. The June drop has been unexpectedly heavy in most of the districts.

—There is great excitement in the Indian Territory, an outbreak of the Cheyennes being threatened. General Augur has ordered troops to the scene, and has recommended the appointment of a commission to inquire into the trouble.

—One assistant attorney and a number of law clerks—in fact, all the force to whom the Civil Service rules do not apply—were discharged from the Department of Justice on the 22d.

—Joseph W. Torrey, a well-known resident of Roxbury, Massachusetts, died on the 22d. He had a literary reputation, having been, when a young man, connected with the *Carpet Bag*. He was for many years President of the Borneo Trading Company at Hong Kong, also sharing the honors and profits of the Governorship of the Island of Borneo, being created Rajah of Borneo. At Bangkok, Siam, Mr. Torrey was at one time United States Vice Consul, and was afterwards Secretary of the Legation.

—A cold wave swept down upon Michigan on the 22d, and snow fell in Grand Traverse county.

—In Detroit, Michigan, on the 21st, Daniel Scatten, a wealthy manufacturer, was visited by a polite burglar who "regretted to disturb him, but desired the valuables of the family," which he secured to the value of $100. He then secured jewelry and silverware valued at $300 from Poor Commissioner Hearnes. He referred to his visit to Judge Brown, of the United States District Court, "and regretted that it was necessary for him to fire at the Judge, but rejoiced that he did not wound him."

—Some workmen on the Pennsylvania Railroad stepped from one track to another at North Bend Cut, near Lancaster on the 22d to avoid a passing train. They were run into by a mud train and three of them—Henry Kennedy, William Conover and Joseph McIlvaney—were killed.

—G. W. Hinckle, a soldier of Troop K, of the seventh Cavalry, stationed in Dakota, passed through Chicago on the 21st, on his way to Washington to be placed in the insane asylum. His insanity was caused by the excessive use of tobacco. He is said to have chewed "ten pounds of plug tobacco a month."

—The Cabinet meeting on the 23d, was attended by all the members, except Secretaries Endicott and Whitney. The case of Minister Kelly was considered and that it is understood that the sentiment of those present was in favor of his recall. The Indian troubles were also discussed, and remedial measures were considered.

—The President on the 23d, appointed W. W. H. Davis, of Doylestown, to be Pension Agent at Philadelphia; Edward H. Strobel, of New York, Secretary of Legation in Spain; Mark D. Wilber, of Brooklyn, United States Attorney for Eastern New York; William H. Allen, United States Marshal for Middle and Southern Alabama; William H. Denson, United States Attorney for Middle and Northern Alabama, and Posey S. Wilson, Assayer of the Mint at Denver, Colorado.

—Richard T. Merrick, the distinguished lawyer, who has been ill for some time of congestion of the brain died on the 23d in Washington, in the 59th year of his age.

—Estimates based on reports from 27 counties in Kansas, where the wheat harvest is in progress, indicate that the yield is 15 per cent. greater than the June estimate of the State Board of Agriculture.

—Vice President Hendricks on the 23d addressed the Law Department of Yale College on "The Supreme Court of the United States." The diplomas will be given out on the 24th.

A committee of Philadelphians, headed by Mayor Smith, called upon President Cleveland on the 23d and invited him to visit the National Encampment in Fairmount Park. The President was unable to say whether he could attend.

A severe storm visited Sulphur Springs, Texas, on the 22d, wrecking the Catholic and colored Methodist churches, unroofing three business blocks, washing away bridges and damaging the crops.

—The Marriage License bill on the 24th received the signature of Governor Pattison. The Governor also refused his signature to three bills. The first was for additional copies of Smull's Hand-book. It was vetoed on the same ground that the other bill on the same subject was. The act in relation to livery stable keepers was disapproved because "the title does not reveal the purpose of the act and it might, therefore, be applied to other property." The third was an act authorizing Courts of Common Pleas to fix by rule fees of witnesses. The Governor holds that "there is a law governing the subject, and if this one went into effect it would cause confusion and annoyance."

—A bill contesting the election of Carter Harrison as Mayor of Chicago was filed on the 24th.

—Secretary Manning has requested the resignation of Horatio C. Burchard, of Illinois, as Director of the Mint. It is understood that Mr. Burchard will refuse to resign.

—In the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Portland, Maine, on the 24th, the Commander-in-Chief delivered his annual address. He said that four years ago there was a membership of nearly 70,000. On March 31st, 1885, 38 Departments reported 5026 Posts and 269,684 members, while the report of the adjutant general shows the membership to be 287,637.

—During a circus performance at Lapeer, Michigan, on the 23d, a large elephant became enraged, tore up seats and smashed things generally. After cleaning out the tent he took to a neighboring swamp. In the panic a number of people had their limbs broken.

—The War Department on the 24th, received a despatch from Colonel Bradley, at Fort Lewis, stating that the trouble between the Ute Indians and the cowboys in that locality has ended.

—Twenty-two post office inspectors were appointed on the 24th. They were selected from 601 applicants.

—The first wheat of the new crop, 44 bushels grown in Lancaster county, Virginia, was sold on 'change in Baltimore, on the 24th at $2 per bushel. Another inferior lot grown in Middlesex county, in the same State, sold a $1,50.

—The Trustees of Delaware College, at Wilmington, decided on the 24th "to do away with the co-education of the sexes at that institution." The resignation of President Purnell, who introduced co-education" into the college about thirteen years ago, was accepted.

—The President has issued "an executive notice announcing a diplomatic agreement" between the United States and Great Britain continuing the privileges granted by the Fisheries Treaty throughout the season of 1885. He will, as a part of this agreement, bring the whole question of the fisheries before Congress in December next, and recommend the appointment of a joint commission by the Governments of the United States and Great Britain to consider the questions in the interest of maintaining friendly intercourse between the countries.

—The Albany *Evening Journal* (Republican) asserts that Mayor Banks, of that city, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York. He is a friend of President Cleveland and Secretary Manning.

—The President on the 25th made ten removals of postmasters for "offensive" partisanship, appointing new men to fill the vacancies. Among the appointments was a postmaster for Norfolk, Virginia.

—James L. Stanton, General Agent of the Department of Justice, has tendered his resignation, to take effect June 30th.

—The death of ex-U. S. Minister Phelphs, at Lima, was caused by fever, contracted while on a pleasure trip to Oroya. The Government is making arrangements for the funeral, and high honors will be paid the deceased Minister.

—A boiler in the rear of Frank Killer's lead pipe factory in Newark, New Jersey, burst on the 25th, demolishing the boiler house, wrecking the engine room and tearing out the rear wall of the main building. One man was injured.

—France has completed war vessels costing over $26,000,000.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

This twilight hour! I love it best,
It seems my very own;
It rests my heart, to think awhile
Of days forever flown.

The present lost—I live the past—
Oh! those golden, happy days,
The joys and blessed hopes were mine,
I bask in their glitt'ring rays.

The beauty of those blissful hours
Reflect in after years,
A balm falls on the lonely heart,
Though it be steeped in tears.

The witching of this thoughtful hour
Is wound around my soul;
I would not for my very life
Escape its sweet control.

Then let me yet enjoy awhile
This dear and precious time,
When I hear again the far-off bells,
For 'tis memory makes the chime.

THE CONJURER'S BRIDE.

Professor George Sholbach was a magican. He was not a commonplace conjurer with blocks and balls and canes and trick tables. He appeared before his audience with no stage trappings of any kind, and borrowing rings and handkerchiefs, he amused the audience with really wonderful feats. The second part of his entertainment consisted of "mind reading," and it was with that he most astonished and confounded the minds of the Western and Southern people among whom he performed. He had a circuit of towns, in each of which he appeared at regular intervals. He never went off his beaten track, and yet he always had crowded house, for at each reappearance he announced some startling new illusion which proved to be more astonishing than any preceding one. Some of his tricks he imported from foreign countries; quite as many were of his own invention. His personal appearance was of some assistance to him, for he looked like a magician. His hair was jet black, long and wavy. His complexion was pale and bloodless. His forehead was low, and under his sharply marked black brows burned a pair of coal black eyes, brilliant as diamonds and restless as flame.

In Montrose, he was a great favorite. He had given his entertainments there a number of times, and was admired much by the townspeople. He had never, however, made any friends among them. He was courteous to those who addressed him, but he repelled all attempts at intimacy.

Among those who constantly attended his entertainments was Irene Washburne, the daughter of the only editor in the place. She was only nineteen years of age and was remarkably handsome. Her dark brown eyes and hair, coupled with a complexion in which the blood came and went like waves on a summer sea, her rosy lips and milk-white teeth were the loadstones that attracted many of the village beaux to her father's house. She was a very intelligent girl, but was given to too much reading of the somber tales of Poe and the weird fancies of Shelley. Night after night she sat in the town hall when Sholbach was giving his performances, chained by a strange fascination which she could not explain. She shuddered with horror when the magician's keen, restless eye lighted upon her, and when she found him gazing at her with a strangely steady, burning look, as he often did, she wanted to cry out with horror, but could not. After each entertainment she vowed that she would never again visit the hall when the professor was there, but when his bills appeared in the town she found herself irresistibly moved to go and see him.

This had been the state of matters for some time, when suddenly Sholbach threw off his reserve and began to make friends in Montrose. Twice, after performing in the town, he invited several young men to his rooms at the hotel and there opened bottles of wine and served them with cigars until they vowed that he was a royal good fellow. At last he asked one of them, a great friend of Editor Washburne's, to introduce him to the newspaper man. The introduction was performed and Sholbach made such a pleasant impression on the editor that the latter invited the magician to visit his house when again in town.

When Sholbach next appeared in Montrose, the editor gave a little reception to him after the entertainment. Once in the house of Washburne, Sholbach appeared to have eyes only for Irene. He devoted himself to her, and attended to all her wants with a grave and tender courtesy that could not fail to make an impression on her. But the impression was not such as the magician wanted. While he fascinated her, he filled her with horror. He reminded her of a snake.

"Why do you shrink from me?" he asked her.

"Do I shrink from you?" she asked, timidly.

She was afraid to acknowledge it; she would not have dared to acknowledge anything that might offend him, for her mind was completely subservient to his. He could have mesmerized her without a perceptible effort, had he desired to do so.

"Yes, you do shrink from me," he said, gravely.

They were alone on the piazza, where the cold moonlight lent an additional keenness to the glitter of Sholbach's eyes.

"I—I—am sorry," she said, trying to drop her eyes, but finding them irresistibly fastened to his.

"Do you know," he continued, "that I perform in this town oftener than in any other?"

"Is that so?"

"Yes. And why do you suppose I do it?"

"I do not know."

She did know. She knew what he was going to say, and she would have given her life to stop him; but she was powerless.

"I love you," he whispered in a hoarse voice.

She shuddered and clasped her hands.

"Why do you not answer me," he said, bending closely to her. "I tell you I love you."

"I know it," she said in a faint murmur. She could not move hand or foot.

"Then why do you not answer me?" he asked.

She was silent.

"You love me, then. This silence comes from your shyness. I might have known it."

And leaning forward he clasped her in his arms and kissed her lips.

The charm was broken. With a long, quivering shriek, she broke from his arms and rushed madly into the parlor among the startled guests. Sholbach followed her, but she fled to her father for protection.

"Take him away!" she cried. "Take him away!" He will kill me with his icy eyes—those serpent's eyes. Take him away!"

The next morning Sholbach had disappeared from the town, after announcing that he would never return, and Irene lay in a fever.

A year had passed away, and Irene had long ago recovered her accustomed health and spirits. Sholbach, true to his promise, had never come back to Montrose. In the meantime, John Manners, a stalwart young physician, whose ability was unquestioned and whose physical beauty was the envy of every young man in the town, had found the way to Irene's heart. She loved and was loved in return, and it had been arranged that they should be married at her uncle's magnificent mansion in St. Louis, in the fall. The days rolled on, and a week before the day appointed for her wedding, Irene and her parents, together with her lover and his parents, went to the city.

The first thing that met Irene's eyes when she arrived in St. Louis, was a bill announcing that Professor George Sholbach would exhibit his wonderful illusions for one week at a certain hall. The bill stated that the magician would introduce his new feat of cutting off a man's hand and restoring it to its place again, without hurting the man. Irene shuddered and turned pale when she saw this bill. Her lover noticed this, and, on being told the cause, laughed.

"My darling," he said, "you ought to be cured of that trouble by this time. Remember that in a few days you will have a husband to protect you. I know your horror is only temporary. I shouldn't be surprised if you asked me to take you to see him in a few days.

Was it prophetic? The desire to see Sholbach's performance again grew upon Irene. The simple knowledge that she was in the same city with him had a strange fascination for her. She struggled against her growing desire to see Sholbach, but found herself unable to conquer it. At length, in sheer desperation, she asked her lover one evening to take her to see the magician. He laughed heartily.

"I knew you were cured of your strange aversion for him. There's nothing like a light heart and a good digestion to remove unpleasant fancies."

Accordingly, they went in the evening to the hall and secured seats near the stage. When Sholbach's eyes fell upon them he started as if he had been shot. He fixed a burning glance upon them, and in a moment understood their position; for Irene clung to John for protection. Then Sholbach bowed slightly and smiled reassuringly. From that time until near the close of the entertainment he appeared to take no notice of them.

The usual tricks had been performed and he began his concluding feat. A man was summoned from among the audience to go upon the stage. Then he removed his collar and necktie and coat. Then Sholbach appeared with a large knife, and suddenly seizing the man plunged it into his throat. The man screamed and struggled. The blood poured from the wound. The audience, convinced as they were that the man was a confederate, were silent with horror. Presently Sholbach whirled the knife around with a quick movement, and then held up the man's head. A murmur of horror ran through the audience. The body was removed and the Professor treated the audience to a three minute lecture. He was interrupted by the appearance at the other end of the hall of the man who had been decapitated, alive and smiling. The audience heaved a sigh of relief and then awarded the successful magician a round of applause.

"You may think," said Sholbach, "that the man who has just been on the stage, was a confederate. Now, in order to convince you that he was not. I desire any gentleman who has the courage to come upon the stage and I will repeat the experiment.

As he said this, Sholbach looked at John Manners. The powerful young physician suddenly felt an irresistible desire to go upon the platform. He arose as if to start.

"John, you are not going!" exclaimed Irene, in a tone of terror.

"Yes," he replied, laughing; "I want to find out how it was done."

"Let me go with you?"

And without waiting for his answer she followed him.

"This is hardly the sort of exhibition for a lady to look upon at close quarters," said Sholbach. "You had better sit behind this screen until it is over."

"No! no!" said a voice from the house. "Let the lady see how you do it, if she can."

Sholbach bowed, and gave Irene a chair on the side of the stage, opposite to Manners. As he went off to get the knife he paused for a single instant in front of her and glanced into her eyes.

"Don't you move or speak," he whispered.

Poor girl! She could not have stirred if her life depended upon it. Cold beads of perspiration broke out on her brow and shivering chills ran down her spine. But she was voiceless and nerveless. Sholbach had brought the full power of his will to bear on her and she was completely mesmerized.

When the conjurer stood before Manners, he gazed intently into his eyes. The young physician, strong as he was, felt himself growing weak before that look. He endeavored to speak, but Sholbach frowned, and the words seemed to freeze in his throat. The conjurer did not take his eyes off the physician while he spoke to the audience.

"This man is very powerful," he said, "and I must allow him time to control his nerves before I begin, or he might do me some injury."

Then for a time he was silent. The audience waited and watched the three silent figures. At length, without taking his eyes from Manners, Sholbach said:

"It is time."

Then with a sudden expression of frightful ferocity he plunged the knife into the throat of the man before him. The head fell forward and the hands gripped the side of the chair convulsively for a moment; then John Manners was as still as if he were dead. Sholbach asked some of the men in the front row whether they could see that the knife had really been plunged in the man's throat. They said there was no doubt of it.

"As the hour is late," said Sholbach, "I will not prolong this exhibition. I put this screen in front of this man so. Now in two minutes you will see him enter that door."

No one had noticed Irene while Sholbach was performing his feat, but it was now seen that she had fainted. Two or three persons made a movement to go to her asistance, but Sholbach stopped them with a wave of the hand.

"I can bring her out of the faint in a moment," he said.

Then lifting her as easily as if she had been a child he carried her off the stage.

The audience waited until the two minutes had expired. Then they began to look for the reappearance of Manners from the front of the stage. But no one came. There was a deathly silence in the house, and the stage remained empty. Three, four, five, ten minutes passed, and neither physician nor the conjurer appeared.

"There's something wrong here," exclaimed a man sitting in the front row.

So saying he sprang upon the stage and overthrew the screen behind which the magician had hidden Manners.

A horrible sight was exposed. The young physician sat still in the chair with the knife in his throat, the blood trickling slowly down his breast, dead. A dozen men rushed forward to examine. There was no doubt about it; a murder had been committed, calmly and boldly, in the presence of three hundred witnesses.

The building was searched, before and behind the scenes. Then it was found that both the conjurer and the young woman had disappeared. The police were informed, an alarm was sent out; the news was telegraphed all over the country, but to no purpose. George Sholbach and his victim were never seen again.

It is said that in Germany a conjurer is traveling about and giving remarkable second sight performances, his assistant being a beautiful, pale woman, who shudders continually, and whose eyes are always fixed in a glassy stare, but who never makes a mistake in answering his questions. No one, however, has been able to identify the two as George Sholbach and Irene Washburne.

Moss and Cotton.

The moss crop of Florida is said to be worth more than the cotton crop, and it can be placed on the market at less expense. The demand exceeds the supply, and there is not a county in the State in which the product is not going to waste.

The top round of the ladder is an imaginary one; no man ever reached it yet.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The cobbler's wife is badly shod.

Poverty is the mother of all arts.

Trust and you will not be trusted.

A danger foreseen is half avoided.

He doeth much, that loveth much.

This world belongs to the energetic.

On the day of victory no weariness is felt.

Never make your physician your heir.

All are not friends who speak us fair.

Too much dispute puts truth to flight.

A wrong cannot be justified by its object.

Promise to pay is the father of bankruptcy.

He who knows nothing doubts of nothing.

Examples are the best lessons for youth.

Credit often ruins both debtor and creditor.

Sentiment at variance with facts is a bastard flower.

A short absence quickens love, a long absence kills it.

Strive for the best, and provide against the worst.

Those are the most honorable who are the most useful.

What has been unjustly gained cannot be justly kept.

The smiles of a pretty woman are the tears of the purse.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

No one can read another's mind; few can read their own.

As civilization advances, the necessity of law diminishes.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.

A wise man sometimes changes his opinion, a fool never.

No Legislature or Government ever enacted an honest man.

In the meanest hut is a romance, if you knew the hearts there.

Be graceful if you can; but if you can't be graceful, be true.

The high-minded find it easier to grant than to accept favors.

If men are so wicked with religion, what would we be witnout it?

Who is lavish with promises is apt to be penurious in performances.

The man who is always right finds every one else always wrong.

Wounds of the heart are the only ones that are healed by opening.

The truly wise man should have no keeper of his secret but himself.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.

The miller imagines that the corn grows only to make his mill turn.

Work with all the speed and ease you can, without breaking your head.

In delicate souls, love never presents itself but under the veil of esteem.

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.

Old age is a tyrant that forbids the pleasures of youth on pain of death.

A talent is perfected in solitude; a character in the stream of the world.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.

Those who are always busy rarely achieve anything; they haven't time.

A soft word turneth away wrath, but it takes a very loud word to drive off a bore.

To enjoy the pleasure of wealth, thou shouldst first experience the fatigue of labor.

Men's lives should be like the days—growing more beautiful towards the evening.

Nothing comes of violence. Without grace the works of the law are naught.

He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.

Happiness is always the inaccessible castle which sinks in ruin when we set foot on it.

No furniture is so charming as books, even if you never open them or read a single word.

Did a person know the value of an enemy he would purchase him with pure gold.

Next to sound judgment, diamonds and pearls are the rarest things to be met with.

The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard further than the loudest call of duty.

The power to do great things generally arises from the willingness to do little things.

In all sciences the errors precede the truths, and it is better they should go first than last.

Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is far beyond their range.

Without courage there cannot be truth, and without truth there can be no other virtue.

A good constitution is like a money box—Its full value is never known until it has been broken.

Things sweet to see, and sweet deceptions; applied to spacious but deceitful appearances.

Don't put away your religion in the pockets of your Sunday clothes; you have need of it every day.

It is a great virtue to restrain the tongue, to know how to be silent even though we are in the right.

Honorable industry travels the same road with duty, and Providence has closely linked both with happiness.

Surely the church is the place where one day's truce ought to be allowed to the dissensions and animosities of mankind.

The despotism of custom is on the wane; we are not content to know that things are; we ask whether they ought to be.

Don't be discouraged when you make mistakes; your future may be better and brighter for the lessons you learn from mistakes.

WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY.

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in splendor on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.

If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that clouds our way,
When the weary watch is over
And the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mists have veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Neither love nor blame unduly,
If the mists were cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known.
Low beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we hide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.

A LUCKY LETTER.

"Tea is ready girls," said Saba Thorn.

"*Tea!*"

It was no luxurious repast of buttered toast, fragrant Oolong, honey and preserves; no comfortable repast of cold fowl, tongue, potted meats and biscuit hot from the oven!

When Saba Thorn called it "tea," she merely used a convtntionalism. It was only a small scanty meal of baker's bread, with a pot of cheap butter, a little smoked beef, which had been brought from the corner grocer's in a brown-paper cover, and some milk and water, blue and tasteless; for Saba and her two cousins found it necessary to economize very strictly indeed.

Saba worked for an upholsterer. All day long she stitched pillow-ticks and tufted mattresses in a dark little room, where there was a prevailing smell of rancid geese feathers.

Her cousin Helen stood behind the counter of a milliner's shop on the Bowery; and little Kate—the youngest of the three—was "packer" in a fancy store, and could do up more neat paper parcels in a given time than you would believe possible.

They were all three pallid and colorless, like plants that had grown in a cellar. They all three had a certain languor of manner, and spoke in low suppressed voices.

They lived together in this one room with a little alcove running out of it, because it was the cheapest mode of existence, and because their scant earnings, clubbed together could be laid out to better advantage than if expended singly. Moreover, to these poor, homeless girls there was a home feeling in being together.

"I don't feel hungry," said Helen, with a grimace.

"I am so tired of bread and butter!" sighed little Kate. "Oh, if I could only have some of the stewed grapes that mother used to make!"

"Oh, that reminds me," said Saba, taking a letter off the mantel. "I've heard from old Mrs. Pinkney. She wants us to buy a fashionable bonnet for her—garnet velvet with a long plume—if we can get it for a dollar and half; and to look out for a bargain in crimson merino for Louisa Jane's Winter's frock. She wants the very best quality and she can't go higher than thirty-seven cents a yard. And she wishes to know if we are acquainted with anybody in the business who will dye over her pea green silk at half-price."

Helen shrugged her shoulders.

"She must think we have plenty of time to execute her commissions," said she.

"Merino for thirty-seven cents a yard!" cried little Kate. "And a hat of velvet for a dollar and a-half. Does the woman expect impossibilities?"

"But that isn't all," said Saba. Uncle John is very poor. She thinks his relations ought to look after him."

"Uncle John!" said Kate.

"Poor!', echoed Helen.

"But what has become of all his money?" said little Kate, intently knitting her brows.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Saba, "Mrs. Pinkney doesn't go into particulars. All the rest of the letter is about the sewing society, and the chicken cholera which has carried off so many of her fowls."

"He must have been persuaded into investing in some of those dreadful mining stocks!" said little Kate.

"But girls," said Saba, "what are we to do?"

"Precisely what he has always done to us," said Helen—"let him alone."

"No, no, Helen," pleaded little Kate. "Don't talk so. Remember, he is the only uncle we have got. He was our mother's brother."

"And what has he ever done for *us!*" retorted Helen bitterly.

"That don't signify," reasoned Saba. "He is old and feeble. He needs our care. That is enough.

"Saba is right," urged little Kate. "Uncle John mustn't be left to die alone."

"But what can we do?" said Helen, we can't bring him here."

"No," said Saba. "It would break his heart to take him away from the pine forest. We must go to him."

"And all starve together?" said Helen. "I don't see that would be much of an improvement on the present state of things."

"Listen!" said Saba, lifting an authoritative forefinger. From a trifling seniority in years, and a somewhat greater experience in the world of work, Saba had become quite an oracle in the trio. "I can do the housework for Uncle John."

"Yes," said Helen.

"Of course," said little Kate. "And if he hasn't been obliged to sell the cow, we can, perhaps, have real creamy milk, and now and then a little cottage-cheese. Oh, wouldn't that be splendid?"

"Helen could make bonnets for the farmer's wives," suggested Saba. "The women out there know what a pretty bonnet is as good as any one, only they can't get it."

"Bravo!" cried Helen, clapping her hands. "I do think I have rather a genius for the business."

"And little Kate could go out sewing by the day, among the neighbors," added Saba, "or help around in soap-making and preserving times. There are a good many who would pay fifty cents a day and board for good intelligent help. And that is a deal more than she earns here."

Little Kate looked rather sober.

"I have my doubts about that plan working," said she. "But I couldn't stay here, away from you. If you all go, why, so will I."

"Then," want on Saba, "I've laid up six dollars toward a Winter cloak. Uncle John wants it more than I do. I'll keep it for him."

"There is my ten dollars in the savings-bank," added Helen. "I did want a pair of thick boots and a warm Winter shawl. But if Uncle John is really in need"—— "I haven't saved any money," said little Kate, sorrowfully. "How could I, with my wages of two dollars a week? But I will do all I can to help!"

"You are dear, generous girls, the both of you," said Saba. "It may be a little hard just at first, but it is clearly our duty to go to Uncle John. And I will write and tell him this very night."

"Do," said Helen. "I'll borrow Miss Clitch's ink bottle, and there are a pen and two sheets of paper in the washstand-drawer. I can buy a postage-stamp at the druggists on the copner."

"Wouldn't a postal card be cheaper?" said wise little Kate.

But Saba shook her head.

"Would you put Uncle John's poverty on a postal card, for all the world to read?" said she.

And little Kate answered, somewhat abashed:

"I didn't think of that. I only thought of economizing a cent. I wonder if the time will ever come when we don't have to think of saving?"

And little Kate put on her bonnet and tripped around to the druggist's where one particular clerk put himself out to wait on her.

"She has got a face like a daisy," said the druggist's clerk. "If I ever marry I should like a wife like. No, she's not much of a customer of ours, but I have seen her at church meetings, and I walk home with her sometimes of an evening. She lives in Timm's tenement-house with her sister and cousin, and works in Gracey's store. That's all I know about her. But she always makes one think of a wildflower.

Uncle John Jaycox was sitting by the fireside when his niece's letter came. The fire of birch logs blazed gloriously up the chimney; a pair of fat, home-run candles glittered on the table. In all the room there was no evidence of griping poverty.

"Yes," said Uncle John, to a tall young man who sat opposite, "I guess I'll have you here to run the farm for me, Israel Penfield. It's gettin' too much for me to manage alone. But as for some woman to keep house for me, now that Anastasia Grixson has been fool enough to marry old Simpson—Eh? what?—a letter? I'm very much obleeged to you, Mrs. Pinkney! Stop and take a warm while I read it, and I'll git you a basket of gilliflower-apples to carry home afterwards. They are jest spilin' to be eaten, them gilliflowers."

But as he perused his letter a curious expression stole over his rugged features.

"Sakes alive!" said, he, stamping one foot on the floor. "What in creation does this all mean? I guess we'll have enough housekeepers, Israel. Here's my three nieces from New York a comin' to live with me, because Mrs. Pinkney here has writ 'em that I've lost my property. And *they're* goin' to take care of me. Well, I swan!"

"I didn't write no sich!" whined Mrs. Pinkney, with an alarmed air. "I only said you was dreadful poor in health. I meant the lumbago and rheumatiz, I didn't say nothin' about money!"

"Well, no matter what you said," remarked Uncle John, crumpling up the letter in his hand and staring at the fire. "The gals think I'm poor, and they're comin' here to support me, and make a home for me in my old age—biess their hearts! I don't know why they should do it," he added, with a conscience-stricken face. "I never did nothin' for them. And Kate and Helen are my sister Jane's darters, and Saba is Hepsy's only child. And they're workin' for a livin', and I've got more than I know what to do with. It's a shame, now ain't it, that things is so unevenly divided?"

"Just exactly what I've always said," quietly remarked Israel Penfield.

Uncle John Jaycox looked at him, a queer twinkle in his opaque blue eyes.

"I declare," said he, "them gals has taught me a lesson! I don't need to be took care of in my old age; but I swan to goodness! it would be kind o' pleasant to have three gals around lookin' arter the old man. I'm a mind to try it."

"I would if I was you," said Israel Penfield.

So when Saba. Helen and little Kate arrived, Uncle John received them with a welcome.

"Nieces," said he, "I ain't poor, nor I ain't likely to be; but I'm glad to see you. I'm glad to know there's any one in the world that cares enough for the old man to come and look arter him, without no expectation of bein' paid for it. It sort o' shores up my confidence in human natur'. Come in! come in! There's plenty of room in the old farm house for you all. Come in and welcome!"

The three girls looked at each other.

"Ought we to stay?" they asked each other.

"Yes," whispered little Kate. "There are two red cows in the field. I saw them."

"And the air smells so sweet!" said pale Helen.

"And Uncle John spoke as if he was really, really glad to see us," said Saba. "Oh, yes let us stay!"

Nor did any of the contracting parties ever regret the misunderstanding which had brought them so curiously together.

Little Kate went back to the city in a year or two, to marry the druggist's clerk, who was now setting up in a small way for himself, and had come down to the country after the daisy-faced girl who at once attracted his attention.

Helen is engaged to Israel Penfield, and there to have a regular old-fashioned marriage when the dresses are made.

And Saba—quiet Saba—is to stay with uncle John, to read the paper to him and cheer up the long, lonely evenings.

"For I couldn't get along without the girl, nohow!" says Uncle John, jovially.

A Dead Man's Deal.

'I was just reading,' said a Denver sport, 'about a man winking his eye after his head was cut off. Now, I know that I have seen something just as strange. Twenty years this month there was a lot of us took a trip to old Mexico to see what we could scoop in—and, by the way, we got scooped—and went to bucking heavy on every game we could strike. One of our gang, Bill Brewster, was a rattling dealer, a good hand at short cards, and always had a pocket full of money till he got struck on Mexican monte.

'Talk about your Greaser's infatuation for the game. I never saw one of them that could hold a marker to Bill. He'd get broke. Then he'd get a pack of cards and deal himself. He'd turn the cards for anybody or for anything when he was busted. Sometimes he'd make a raise, quit and go to playing faro, where he was, as a rule, lucky. But no sooner did he get a big stake than he would tackle monte, and would invariably get downed. Us boys tried to persuade him to stick to a white man's game, but no, he wouldn't have it, and was almost all the time in a state of impecuniosity.

'One day Bill had established himself in a pulque shop with his cards, and was turning them for any body who wanted to wager a cent. There was a party of Mexican bloods in the room, and finally they sauntered over to Bill's table, and one of them asked if he would turn for $100. Bill said he would, though he didn't have but $10 in the bank. The fellow slaps down his money and Bill wins. This made the Mexican mad and he slaps down another. Bill wins again. The third time and Bill scooped the pile.

'The Mexican asked Bill if he would turn for him $1,000, and Bill told him it didn't make any difference if he made it a million, as the bank was able to pay ten times that amount. The Mexican bet and lost. Then he accused Bill of cheating. Bill called him a liar.

'I was standing right to one side of Bill. He had the cards in his left hand and had hold of the bottom card with his right hand. The Mexican's hand was on his gun.

'Hold on,' said Bill; 'don't draw till I make this turn. I'll bet you $1,000 to $100 that it's the seven of spades.'

'Done' said the Mexican, who threw $100 on the table.

'Bill commenced pulling the card out slowly. The Mexican was watching. There were two black spots showed up, and Bill's hand stopped. Quick as a flash the Mexican drew his gun and fired. Bill never moved in his chair, but his right hand kept its slow motion until the card was drawn from the pack and held up to view. It was the seven of spades. The hand moved slowly back again and the card was laid on the table. Bill then leaned back in his chair and shut his eyes.

'We were all so excited when the shot was fired that we didn't know what to do, and as Bill began to turn the card, we supposed he hadn't been hit, but we found out differently when we examined him. He was shot directly through the heart.

'Now, I reason that thing out this way: Bill was determined to convince that Mexican that he didn't know as much as he thought he did. That thought was in his mind when he was shot, and, though killed instantly, his wishes were carried out after death. Bill was game, too, and I believe that if he hadn't realized he was a dead man when shot, and hadn't wanted to win the Mexican's money, he would have grabbed his gun and done some execution with it.

'That's why I say a man can do a thing after he is dead.'

Penitentiary Watch Dogs

The night watchmen at the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia have very able assistants in brute companions, whose instinct and superior training is little less than remarkable. These are trained watch-dogs, nine altogether, embracing one full mastiff, two full bloodhounds and the rest half-breed bloodhounds. They are kept in three distinct kennels, in as many separate inclosures, into which the prison yard is divided. The fences divide them and they never meet. Certain indications have showed that if they did there would be several very tough dog fights. When the night watchmen are on duty the dogs are unleashed and accompany them on their patrol, but the canine guards are more effective in their way, as they penetrate the angles and out-of-the-way places, while the human watchmen follow the beaten paths. If the dogs hear any unusual noise, or find anything irregular, they notify the guard by a sharp bark. Their capacity to discover attempted escapes has never been fully tested, inasmuch as the convicts stand in too wholesome dread of them to dream of such a thing during the dog-watch.

An instance illustrating the wonderful instinct of these brute sentinels developed not long ago. The guard one night was startled by a warning bark from one of the dogs, which he found thirty or forty yards from where a small ventilating pipe led from the interior of the prison. A cautious investigation showed that one of the convicts on that gallery, but occupying a cell on the opposite side of the corridor, being sick was endeavoring to attract the attention of the inside watch. The dog had discovered the unusual noise in the sound conveyed through the drain-pipe which the keepers on the inside failed to notice. The suffering convict was afforded assistance which he otherwise would not have obtained.

A Bear Hunt

Sure enough, there were two bears (which afterward proved to be an old she and a nearly full grown cub) traveling up the bottom of the valley, much too far for us to shoot. Grasping our rifles and throwing off our hats we started off as hard as we could run diagonally down the hillside, so as to cut them off. It was some little time before they saw us, when they made off at a lumbering gallop up the valley. It would seem impossible to run into two grizzlies in the open, but they were going up hill and we down, and, moreover, the old one kept stopping. The cub would forge ahead and could probably have escaped us, but the mother now and then stopped to sit down on her haunches and look round at us, when the cub would run back to her. The upshot was that we got ahead of them, when they turned and went straight up one hillside as we ran down the other behind them. By this time I was pretty nearly done out, for running along the steep ground through the sage-bush was most exhausting work; and Merrifield kept gaining on me and was well in front. Just as he disappeared over a bank, almost at the bottom of the valley, I tripped over a brush and fell full length. When I got up I knew I could never make up the ground I had lost, and besides could hardly run any longer. Merrifield was out of sight below, and the bears were laboring up the steep hillside directly opposite, and about three hundred yards off; so I sat down and began to shoot over Merrifield's head, aiming at the big bear. She was going very steadily and in a straight line, and each bullet sent up a puff of dust where it struck the dry soil, so that I could keep correcting my aim; and the fourth ball crashed into the old bear's flank. She lurched heavily forward, but recovered herself and reached the timber, while Merrifield, who had put on a spurt was not far behind.

"I toiled up the hill at a sort of trot, fairly gasping and sobbing for breath; but before I got to the top I heard a couple of shots and a shout. The old bear had turned as soon as she was in the timber, and come toward Merrifield; but he gave her the deathwound by firing into her chest, and then shot at the young one, knocking it over. When I came up he was just walking toward the latter to finish it with the revolver; but it suddenly jumped up as lively as ever, and made off at a great pace—for it was nearly full grown. It was impossible to fire where the tree trunks were so thick; but there was a small opening across which it would have to pass, and collecting all my energies I made a last run, got into position, and covering the opening with my rifle. The instant the bear appeared I fired, and it turned a dozen somersaults down hill, rolling over and over; the ball had struck it near the tail and had ranged forward through the hollow of the body. Each of us had thus given the fatal wound to the bear into which the other had fired the first bullet."

High Priced Chickens.

A pert young salesman stood beside a great coop of pigeons in a poultry fancier's store in New York, talking about the merits of three handsome chickens in a small coop before him to another youth, while a white-haired old farmer from Jersey stood by and listened attentively.

"These are genuine Cochins," said the salesman, "and they are an unusually fine lot. Cochins generally sell for $12 for the trio, but the boss says that these must not be sold for less than $30. He is particularly pleased with the matched colors of these, and don't care whether any one buys them or not. I don't believe that as great a price was ever asked for chickens before.

"You are wrong there," said the old farmer. "I can tell you a story, and it's a true one, about prices paid for fowls that are simply beyond ordinary belief. In 1850 or thereabouts a number of bright poultry raisers in England undertook to increase the prices paid for the stock they dealt in by pretending to improve their breeds. They imported a variety of Chinese fowls and pretended to accomplish results with them far beyond anything that could possibly be done. They issued learned pamphlets which discussed the new varieties of stock, and printed long essays in the magazines. The impulse given to the business was clear beyond their wildest anticipations. There were plenty of market breeders who were really anxious to get a variety of fowls that would lay more eggs and would weigh more when dressed for the table than the old breeds that had been common for years. The Cochins from China were the favorites. Wonderful stories of the number of eggs laid by them were told.

"Finally, the gentlemen and ladies of leisure who are always on the lookout for some new diversion took a fancy to the chicken business. They cared nothing for the profits. They must have the best fowls in the kingdom, fowls that could beat the record and show a pedigree at the same time. The Queen herself bought fancy fowls, and it then became the fashion to take an interest in poultry publications and poultry pedigrees. The prices began to soar.

"The increased demand for fine stock brought out new varieties. White and gray shanghais soon competed with the cochins, and chittagongs with Canton Chinese fowls, and heated discussions over the relative merits of the breeds were held on the street corners and over the stiles in the hedges around the fields.

"As soon as the mania was fairly started, fairs were held for the exhibition and sale of the fowls. Early in 1850 a fair in Norwich, England, brought out 102 lots of fowls, one of which contained 110 cochins belonging to a lady. The cochins were sold and realized £361 4s. 6d., the highest price being 20 guineas for a single cock. Many single fowls brought from £3 to £7 each.

"That sale was the sole topic of conversation in all England for a month thereafter. The excitement lasted and the mania spread to America. In 1853 or 1854 a Boston Yankee by the name of Burnham, who knew a good hen when he saw it, sent out to a Birmingham, England, fowl show a cage of gray shanghais. A trio sold at sight for $100 and at the end of the fair a pair from this cage carried off the first prize and they were sold to a Mr. Taylor, of Shepherd's Bush, for $500. This is the highest price on record. I believe for a single pair. There were plenty of sales during 1853 and 1854 for from £30 to £50 per pair.

"People think that $2 per dozen is a big price to pay for pure stock eggs, nowadays, but then single eggs sold for from $5 to $10 each, and it is on record that half a-dozen chickens just hatched were sold at $10 a piece."

"You said the mania spread to this country," suggested the salesman.

"Yes, but the prices paid here were never so large. Boston seems to have been the headquarters of the business. Everybody wanted fancy chickens. The orders to the Boston importers came from Maine and from Texas, and one firm there sold in 1883 over $23,000 worth of fowls. There were single orders amounting to $1,200 to $1,500 and this firm sold one lot for $2,230."

"Good business, that," said the clerk.

"Certainly. It costs no more to hatch and rear a fine fowl than one of common breed; in fact it cost less then and costs less now to keep fowls of good breeds. Plenty of men made large sums of money out of the chickens while the mania lasted, and plenty who came while the boom was booming got caught in the shower. There were too many people in the business and too many poor fowls sold with false pedigrees. People got disgusted, and then the eight-pound Cochin hens went into potpie at 10 cents a pound. When the craze died out it left the country with a fine stock of fowls, and the prevalence of such beauties as those in the coop, for there are a great many fowls that are as valuable intrinsically as those, is due to the craze. But until fowls are developed that will lay eggs to order, something which people very much expected thirty-one years ago, there will be no more fancy prices paid."

Too Much for Me.

Collis P. Huntington, the railway magnate, years ago kept a general store in Sacramento. One day a trader came in from a mining camp to buy stores, and among otner things he wanted butter. Huntington had several tubs brought from Orange county, the famous butter producing region of New York. The miners had all the good things that money would buy, and the storekeeper from the mining camp was bound to take back the best he could find.

"I want some bang-up butter," was the way the storekeeper from the camp signified his desire.

"Well," said Huntington, "here is some all the way from York state, the real genuine Orange county article." Huntington ran the trier down to the bottom of the tub and the storekeeper ran his nose along it when it was pulled out.

"What's the tax on that grease he asked.

"That's thirty-five cents a pound," replied Huntington.

"Hain't you got something a leetle better?" asked the storekeeper.

"Yes," said Huntington, going to another tub of the very same kind of butter. He knew the storekeeper would not be satisfied if he did not show something better, and he was equal to the occasion. "Here's some for fifty cents," said Huntington as he drew the trier out, and the storekeeper's nose followed it from one end to the other.

"Now, that's a little like it," said the storekeeper, "but," he added with a wink, "come now, hain't you got something that the flies won't settle on, that's fur-lined and hair-topped? There's nothing too good for us, and we've got the dust to pay for it,"

"Yes," again said Huntington. "Here's something that we don't often bring out." The trier went down into the third tub of the same lot, and the storekeeper's nose followed the line of butter for the third time

"How much is she assessed at?" asked the housekeeper, as he looked affectionately on the butter.

"Sixty-five cents a pound."

"You hain't got too much for me," said the housekeeper.

The Queen's Red-Nosed Secretary.

The first thing that strikes the beholder about Sir Henry Ponsonby is his red nose. One cannot help feeling that, on a man so high as the private secretary of the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, a red nose is singularly out of place. The rest of his countenance is in keeping with the nose; watery eyes, pimply face and a general appearance of ill-health. His body is bent, and even in his tightly buttoned and much padded military tunic with stiff stock and too obvious stays, his stoop is painfully out of keeping with the gay trappings of a warrior. In manner Sir Henry is querulous. I never saw him nor spoke to him without pictures of half-forgotten scolding old women rising in my mind. He looks like an old man-maid who passes the greater part of his life in submitting to scolding and inflicting scoldings on others. The Queen is fully aware of the undignified appearance of her right-hand man, and would gladly replace him by a younger secretary, but long years of intimacy with every public transaction of the sovereign have rendered him almost indispensible.

When the Day is Over.

It is wise at night, to read, but for a few minutes, some book which will compose and soothe the mind; which will bring us face to face with the true facts of life, death, and eternity; which will make us remember that man doth not live by bread alone; which will give us, before we sleep, a few thoughts worthy a Christian man with an immortal soul in him. I do not mean merely religious books, excellant as they are in these days. I mean any books which help to make us better, and wiser, and sober, and more charitable persons; any books which will teach us to despise what is vulgar and mean, foul and cruel, and to love what is noble and high-minded, pure and just.

A Fortune from a Salad Bowl.

It is recorded that a French nobleman named D'Albignac, having fled from France during the Reign of Terror that prevailed at the end of the last century, and finding himself in London with but slender means, contrived to pick up not only a living but a competency, by taking to salad-making as a profession.

This is how it came to pass. He was dining at one of the fashionable taverns in London when he was addressed by a party of gentlemen who occupied the table next to him with a request to mix a salad for them, coupled with a polite compliment upon the proficiency of the French nation in the art. D'Albignac, with some hesitation consented, and, being provided with the necessary ingredients was very successful.

In the course of the proceedings he entered into conversation with these gentlemen, and in answer to their questions he frankly avowed his position; consequently they asked his acceptance of a five pound note, with which he replenished his almost empty purse.

The gentleman, moreover, asked for his address; and a few days afterwards he received a request to go and mix a salad at the house of a nobleman who was just then giving a fashionable dinner party.

D'Albignac saw his opportunity, and was not slow in availing himself of it.

Providing himself with some choice condiments, he went to the house named, and being eminently successful, he was remunerated accordingly. In a short time his reputation began to spread, and all the people of fashion found it necessary to have a mixed salad by the French nobleman—the "fashionable salad-maker," as he was called.

He found himself in a position to set up a curricle to go about in, as well as to employ a footman to carry the mahogany case containing the choice ingredients with which he mixed the salads.

Later on he supplied similar cases ready fitted with ingredients, and sold them in hundreds. In the end he amassed a considerable fortune, with which—the guillotine having been superceded—he went back again to his native country and ended his days peacefully.

John Randolph

Was still a youth for he had not reached his 27th year. That so young a man should have found a place in so splendid a representation as Virginia sent was of itself enough to mark him out as a person of no common kind. He had, indeed, a quick and vigorous mind. But whatever of success he achieved in the whole course of a long career was due less to his parts than to unparalled audacity, to insolence, and to the influence of his name. His friends, and he had few of them, looked upon Randolph, while living, as an eccentric and a prejudiced man. The jurymen before whom his will was contested pronounced him to have been, in his latter years, insane. The verdict, with small modification, have been extended to his whole life. Nature had richly endowed him. But the periods during which he was in the full possession of his faculties were few and brief. In one of them he frankly declares his "unprosperous life" to be "the fruit of an ungovernable temper."

The violence of his temper was something terrible. The story is recorded that, while still a child, he swooned in a fit of passion, "and could with difficulty be restored." Wilful indulgence so strengthened this infirmity that he has come down to us as the most acrid and intemperate speaker and the most consummate bully that ever stood upon the floor of the house. So completely did his gall control his reason that he remained to the end of his days the most cramped and narrow-minded of men. To be liberal in politics or charitable toward his fellows was impossible. In common with members of his party, he became, and remained, a strict constructionist. But any other strict constructionist the house could produce stood aghast at the lengths to which Randolph would go. To be an implacable enemy was to his mind as praiseworthy as to be a staunch friend. It was his boast that he never forgave an enemy and never deserted a friend. That he never forgave an enemy is true. For it was impossible for him to believe that a Randolph could ever be in the wrong. That he never deserted his friends is not true, unless his view be accepted, and we declare that his friends deserted him.

Hugo's Strange Belief.

Victor Hugo was always convinced that he would meet all his friends in a future world. He was equally sure that he had always existed from the antediluvian times when the Creator placed him on earth. He believed that he would exist forever, inasmuch as he felt in his soul thousands of hymns, dramas and poems that had never found expression. When the Atheists would say to him: "The proof that you will not exist in the future is that you did not exist in the past," Hugo would answer: "Who told you I did not exist in the past centuries? You will say that is the legend of the ages. The poet has written: "Life is a fairy tale twice written.' He might have said a thousand times written. There is not an age in which I cannot find my spirit. You do not believe in the doctrine of surviving personalities for the reason that you do not recollect your anterior existence. But how can the recollection of vanished ages remain imprinted on your memory when you do not remember a thousand and one scenes and events of your present life? Since 1802 there have been ten Victor Hugos in me. Do you think I can recall all their actions and all their thoughts? The tomb is dark, and when I shall have passed the tomb to emerge into light once more, all these Victor Hugos will be almost wholly strangers to me, but it will always be the same soul."

Breakfast jackets are made of Surah covered with Angora net and edged with a frill of Angora lace.

He that would have his business well done, must either do it himself, or see to the doing of it.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., JULY 15, 1885.

THE MORMON FLAG OUTRAGE.

The Traitorous Act Upheld by the Church Organs of Utah.

Salt Lake City, July 6.—The indignation over the Mormons' act in placing the national flag at half-mast on the Fourth continues unabated. Excited groups of Gentiles discussed the affair all day During the day of the Fourth an old veteran stood in front of the city hall looking at the trailing flag. Tears streamed from his eyes. Shaking his fist at the Mormon policemen who were watching to see that the flag was not raised, he exclaimed: "How long, O, Lord! how long!" and declared that he would leave the "nest of treason" within forty-eight hours.

Horace Eldredge, President of the Deseret National Bank, the United States depository here, says the half-mast is the proper place for the flag, "as we have not more than half our rights." The Provo *Enquirer*, a Mormon paper had, on the Fourth, a coffin, with the inscription, "Independence—died July 4, 1885." The *Deseret News*, the church organ, to-night fully justifies the half-masting of the flag in a five-column editorial, conclusively showing that it was under church authority, and claiming that it was right to do it, "because liberty is dead in Utah."

AS TO MRS. GRUNDY.

This potent personage has been allowed to rule too despotically in the feminine world, and the ladies say that it is time her tyranny received a check. But not even Mrs. Grundy has dared to speak against the value of Brown's Iron Bitters as a strengthening tonic for ladies who suffer from debility. It enriches the blood and completely restores failing health. Miss Sallie L. Paules, Wrightsville, Pa., was cured by Brown's Iron Bitters of back ache, kidney trouble and liver complaint.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

It is not generally known that a man who refuses to pay for his newspaper can be prosecuted like an ordinary criminal or thief. A New York paper has begun suit against several delinquent subscribers under the United States postal laws, which say, "the taking of a newspaper and the refusal to pay for the same renders the person liable to criminal prosecution as a thief, and a person guilty of the same can be punished as if he had stolen goods to the amount of the subscription." Postmasters are also liable for the price of subscription for allowing papers to accumulate in their offices when subscribers have moved away or refused to take them faom the office.

Almost every person has some form of scrofulous poison latent in his veins. When this develops in scrofulous sores, ulcers or eruptions, or takes the form of rheumatism, or organic diseases, the suffering that ensues is terrible beyond description. Hence the gratitude of those who discover, as thousands yearly do, that Ayer's Sarsaparilla will thoroughly eradicate this evil from the system.

STORM AT LOCK HAVEN.

Lock Haven, July 9.—A terrible thunder storm passed over this city this morning. A large barn of Benjamin Baird, at Liberty, was struck by lightning and burned, with all its contents, including a valuable team of horses.

Dip one end of a sponge in water and the whole will soon be saturated. So a disease in one part of the body effects other parts. You have noticed this yourself. Kidney and liver troubles, unless checked, will induce constipation, piles, rheumatism and gravel. A timely use of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will prevent these results. It is pleasant to the taste and may be taken freely by children and delicate females. It gives electricity, life and cheeks with roses on them. july

THE condition of affairs in an Illinois house is somewhat mixed at present. The other day children were born to a mother and daughter at the same time and in the same house. The babies were dressed and put in the cradle together. When they were taken up soon after, neither mother knew her own child, and to-day they are still wondering which is which.

"It fairly worries me to think of the multitude of things advertised to cure disease," you say. No wonder. But in the mountains of chaff there are grains of golden wheat. We may find it difficult to induce you to test the merits of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, but, when you have done so, our work is ended. Afterwards you and this medicine will be fast friends. Favorite Remedy would have died out long ago except for its real usefulness. But it is good and does good. july

FRED YONSER, aged thirteen, a cart driver at Uriah Biery's iron ore mine, in Lehigh county, attempted to dump a cart load of ore into the washer, when he fell into the machine. His head was torn off and thrown out over the frame, and his whole body was ground into shreds as fine as sausage meat.

To most children the bare suggestion of a dose of castor oil is nauseating. Why not, then, when physic is necessary for the little ones, use Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They combine every essential and valuable principle of a cathartic medicine, and, being sugar-coated, are easily taken.

OVER FIVE THOUSAND HOUSES BURNED IN JAPAN.

San Francisco, July 6.—A conflagration which occurred on the 20th of May, at Toyama, Japan, was of exceptional magnitude, 5,917 houses having been burned.

THOUSANDS SAY SO.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, of Girard, Kansas, writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers; they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known, and will positively cure kidney and liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.

THE DEADLY TEA.

W. Mattieu Williams, in a series of articles on food and cookery in "Knowledge," has finally come to tea, and there he hits all civilized people in a tender spot. In truth, the scientific view of what ought to eaten, and how it should be prepared, is so at variance with what we do eat, and the manner of its preparation, that one is led to marvel there is sound digestion and an unimpaired stomach in all civilization. As a matter of fact, in view of the startling revelations as to the deadly character of our customary food, it is to be wondered at that we are not an extinct race. According to Mr. Williams, of all the life-shortening, brain-destroying articles which man is using, tea is one of the most dangerous, destructive and deadly. This is the infusion which Cibber apostrophizes in fervent words: "Tea! thou soft, thou sage, thou sober, and venerable liquid; thou female tongue-running, smile-smoothing, heat-opening, wink-tipping cordial, to whose glorious insipidity I owe the happiest moment of my life, let me fall prostrate." Nor is Cibber the only writer who has invoked panegyric to aid in expressing admiration of this "cup which cheers but does not inebriate;" literature is interspersed with laudations of the bowl over which fair women gossip, whose existence is far greater than the area of civilization, whose inspiration cheers the souls of the millions of China, and carries warmth through all portions of the frozen steppes of Siberia and Russia.

The active principle of tea is a "crystalline alkaloid, the *theine*, a compound belonging to the same class as strychnine, and a number of similar vegetable poisons." This is the character of the drink which is served at least once a day on every table in civilization. That which delicate women by the million sip is a deadly alkaloid, of the same class as strychnine, a drug so deadly that the mere mention of its name sends a shudder through the listener as would the sudden appearance of some hideous reptile. "The "essential action of tea is to waste the system, or consume food by promoting vital action which it does not support; and worse than this is the fact that while arsenic, a deadly poison, will produce the same effect on the human system as tea—that is, it, like tea, checks the waste of tissue, and has the effect to make food appear to go further." The writer takes up the matter of tea stimulation, and shows that it acts the same as tobacco, the betelnut, hasheesh in certain quantities, and various other produces of exaltation, all of which Mr. Williams lumps together under the head of "vice-drugs."

FIRE HISTORY OF THE BRIGADE.

Of the measures taken for the suppression of that stupendous conflagration, the great fire of London, the only appliance with which we are concerned as at all approaching modern gear was a squirt of three feet long, capable of discharging half a gallon of water, an instrument presumably of some service, since by act of Parliament of 1668 one was ordered to be kept in every ward, and for the working of which the Alderman of that ward was made directly responsible. If he did not set it in action himself he was at any rate bound to see it done, as nowadays the Sheriff, who has always been held responsible for the execution of criminals, must either himself discharge the last office of the law or provide an efficient substitute. This squirt was the first step towards fire engines in England, though for some few years they had been already known in Germany; for in 1657 Hautsch, of Nuremburg, invented a kind of sledge water cistern, the pumps of which were worked by 20 or 30 men, a machine subsequently improved upon by the brothers Ver Heyden, of Amsterdam, when in 1672 they introduced the flexible hose, the whole the prototype of the manual fire engine still in use. Of these cumbrous German arrangments the insurance companies, dating in this country from 1681, were the first to avail themselves, beginning with the Hand in Hand in 1699, and in 1720 including the Sun, the Union, the Westminister, the London, and the Royal Exchange, all of which by that time had men of their own, and engines amounting altogether to 30. In the meantime, by an act of 1707, each parish was directed to keep a fire engine, and a system of fire rewards was created for the first three to arrive on the spot—30s. for the first, 20s. for the second, 10s. for the third, and a sum not exceeding 10s. for the first turncock. In 1774, by the 14 Geo. III. c. 78, there were required to be in every parish two engines, one large and one small, a leathern pipe and five ladders, the whole under the management of the beadle and charity boys, of whom, when at work, George Cruikshank has made a well-known drawing. How far the act was enforced there is nothing to show, for there is no record of prosecution, indictment, or penalties. The attendance of the engines was not compulsory outside of their own parish, and indeed the whole appears to have been for many years practically a dead letter, with the exception of Hackney, where a brigade was maintained by a half penny rate at a cost of £500 a year.

An Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why woman should not be allowed to become medical men.

For burns, scalds, bruises and all pains and soreness of the flesh, the grand household remedy is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Be sure you get the genuine.

THE GREAT SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR Unfailing Specific FOR Liver Disease.

SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; **sour stomach; loss of appetite;** sometimes nausea and waterbrash, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; **headache;** loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; **debility;** low spirits; a thick, **yellow** appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high-colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

SIMMONS + LIVER + REGULATOR

Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action. Being **entirely vegetable,** no particular care is required while using this medicine.

The **Regulator** acts without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. **It regulates the Liver,** and Nature relieving herself, causes the bile to act as the purge. The excess of bile being removed, **a tonic effect** is produced, and health is perfectly restored.

It Regulates the Bowels and Removes CONSTIPATION.

It is a CERTAIN CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

The **Regulator** contains no quinine, mineral, or anything that will injure the most delicate patient, and is given with **safety** and the **happiest results** to the most delicate infant. For all diseases in which **a laxative, alterative or purgative** is needed it will give the most perfect satisfaction. **The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!**

☞ { THERE IS BUT ONE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR!

See that you get the **genuine,** with the red Z on front of Wrapper, prepared only by

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They **Increase the Appetite,** and cause the body to **Take on Flesh,** thus the system is **nourished,** and by their **Tonic Action** on the **Digestive Organs, Regular Stools** are produced. Price **25c.** 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

AFTER DINNER.

Persons who suffer from Indigestion can arrest the progress of that painful malady by the use of an **after-dinner** pill, so composed that it will give tone to the stomach, prevent heartburn, rouse the liver to healthful action, invigorate the kidneys, and thus, through the activity of these organs, promote the natural movement of the stomach and bowels. AYER'S PILLS are so compounded that their action, though mild, effectually produces the above results. They also, in curing Constipation, remove the cause of Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Rheumatism, and many other serious ailments.

AYER'S PILLS

contain no mineral nor poisonous substance, and do not gripe unless the bowels are irritated, and even then their influence is healing. To continue their effect in constipated or chronic cases, they need only be taken in diminishing instead of increasing doses. For seamen, and inhabitants or travelers in sparsely settled countries where physicians are not at hand, they are of inestimable value. There is hardly a sickness they will not alleviate, and in most cases cure, if taken promptly. To young girls just entering upon womanhood, and to women whose period of maternity is drawing to a close, Ayer's Pills, in moderate doses, merely sufficient to ensure regular action of the bowels, will be found of

Incalculable Value.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

RAINBOW RUPTURE RELIEF & CURE.

Simple, safe, reliable and a perfect retainer. It is **not a Truss.** Worn Day and Night and its presence forgotten. Send for circular with testimonials from grateful sufferers cured by this appliance. Address Central Medical and Surgical Institute 920 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Skillful treatment given all kinds of surgical and medical cases. Wasting diseases and private troubles in male and female our specialty. Be sure to write us before taking treatment elsewhere. **Consultation free and invited.**

AGENTS Make over 100 per cent profit selling the Family Coffee Roaster, perfect in operation, and of great domestic utility. Write for circular.
FAMILY COFFEE ROASTER CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Low Priced Fertilizers.

Low priced fertilizers are not always the best. **Baugh's $25.00 Phosphate** is the best and the cheapest fertilizer, for the simple reason that it gives as good results as articles that cost very much more money. No farmer can make a mistake who buys **Baugh's Animal Bone Super-Phosphate** for $25 per ton, in new bags, free on board car or boat at Philadelphia. Their address is No. 20 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia.

—TO FARMERS—
AND
Others Interested!

I AM SELLING

Rosendale Cement

at $2 per barrel and quantities lower. Receive fresh ground twice a month.

Double Harpoon Hay Forks

at $1.75. Sold last year at $5 and $6 each.

Golden Clipper Scythes,

Razor Steel, at 75 Cts. each, formerly $1.

Ropes,

Manilla, all sizes, at greatly reduced prices.

Hay Pulleys,

Iron and Wood, 25 and 50 Cents each, &c., &c., &c.

CRADLES,

Ball, Eagle, Western,—lower than were ever known, $2.75 to $3. $2.25 each for a good cradle.

Barb-Wire,

at 5½ to 6 cents a pound

Galvanized—Cactus, Buckthorn, Brinkerhoff, Tablett—reduced to the lowest prices.

☞ Write and Inquire for Prices. ☜

F. G. Francisus,
17jun2m Lewistown, Pa.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE. FOR MEN ONLY.

PROF. HARRIS' **Pastille** A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY Organic Weakness, PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR SEVEN YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

TREATMENT. One Month, $3.00 Two Months, 5.00 Three Months, 7.00

NERVOUS DEBILITY Organic Weakness and Decay, and numerous other maladies, baffling the skilled physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, or over brain work. Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a PURE REMEDY that HAS CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored. The animating elements of life, which have been wasted are given back, and the patient becomes cheerful and rapidly gains both strength and sexual vigor.

VITAL RESTORER

HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mf'g CHEMISTS 806½ N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. CAN BE CURED. WE GIVE A POSITIVE GUARANTEE. Send for Circular.

I WANT AGENTS TO SELL THE MISSOURI STEAM Washer

Men and Women of good character and intelligence. Exclusive Territory Guaranteed. A weeks' trial of sample Washer to be returned at my expense if not satisfactory. A thousand per cent. the best Washer in the world. 1,000 paye capable agents BIG money. Its intrinsic merit makes it a phenominal success everywhere. For Illustrated circular and terms of agency address, J. WORTH, St. Louis, Mo.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Dan'l Fauber, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
17jun6t JOHN HOFFER, Adm'r.

PENNS VALLEY INSTITUTE,
CENTRE HALL, PA.

The fall term of ten weeks will open July 20, next. Students are taught the higher branches. Teachers preparing for examination will receive special attention. Locality healthy—society good, and churches convenient. Boarding very reasonable. Tuition from $4 to $7. For further information apply to,
24jun4t] M. SHIRES, Principal.

The Rev. Chas. E. Piper, formerly of Pittsfield, N. H., but now of Wakefield, R. I., writes: "My wife had been an invalid for years, but Baxter's Mandrake Bitters cured her." N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir always cures coughs, colds and consumption, when taken in season. Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment, for strains, bruises, cuts, swellings, old sores, etc., is excellent. july

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.
14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte, druggists. jan7y

Best assortment of glass in the valley—sizes 8x10 to 24x36, at J. O. Deininger's, Centre Hall. 20may2m

Conklin Farm and Lumber Wagons,
Platform Spring Wagons,
GROCER'S, BAKER'S
and other Delivery Wagons,
Open and Top Buggies,

MOWERS

Hay Tedders, Hay Loaders,
AND OTHER
Farm Implements
SHIPPED TO EVERY BODY'S ORDER ACCOMPANIED WITH THE CASH,
—AT VERY LOW PRICES.—
FROM THE WHOLESALE
Agricultural Implement House
OF
G. W. NICELY,
109 & 111 West 3d St.
Williamsport, Penn'a.

☞ LARGEST AND BEST ☜ Selected Stock in Western Penn'a. All Goods Guaranteed.

☞ Every man his own Agent and no Agent's commission to pay.

Write for Catalogue and Prices.
Telephone connection. 18feb6m

TO FARMERS.

New Implement STORE AT SPRING MILLS.

The undersigned has opened a store at Spring Mills for all kinds of Agricultural Implements;
BINDERS, HARVESTERS, MOWERS, GRAIN DRILLS,
CULTIVATORS, HAY-RAKES, PLOWS, SPRING-TOOTH HARROWS,
FANNING MILLS, CORN-PLANTERS, AND CORN-DRILLS, FEED CUTTERS, FEED MILLS, AND
WAGONS, —— WAGONS,
also dealer in
ENGINES,
PORTABLE AND STATIONARY,
SAW-MILLS,
AND MACHINERY belonging to SAW MILLS,
STEAM THRESHING RIGS,
WITH ENGINES, UPRIGHT OR HORIZONTAL BOILERS, AND CLOVER HULLERS—
In fact, everything that belongs to that line of business. I will also handle
—PHOSPHATE.—
I respectfully invite all farmers or any persons wishing to purchase any of the above machinery to come and see my stock, examine prices, and be convinced that I am prepared to sell cheaper than any one in the county.

W. L. SNYDER,
11jun3m SPRING MILLS, PENN'A.

WANTED! &c. SALARIES essential. Full ... Address, LE CLARE & HERRICK, Brighton, N. Y. One mile east of Rochester.

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY,
11jun tf Druggist.

C. Dreisbach,
LEWISBURG, PA.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
GENERAL HARDWARE,
Saddlery and Carriage Material,
—Blacksmith Supplies,—
Oils, Paints, Window Glass.
LARGEST STOCK IN CENTRAL PENN'A.
18feb6m

New Arrival of Goods
AT NEW STORE!
NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS

HARPER & KREAMER,
Centre Hall,
Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,
—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—
DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS
NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE,
OILS AND PAINTS,
GLASSWARE, QUENNSWARE,
GROCERIES.
COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH
SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,
EVERYTHING
KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
ALL NEW GOODS,
We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.
COME AND SEE US.
All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

Teachers Make $70 to $150 per month selling our STANDARD BOOKS & BIBLES. Steady work for Spring and Summer. Address, J. C. MCCURDY & Co., Philadelphia.

DO YOU KNOW
THAT
—LORILLARD'S CLIMAX—
PLUG TOBACCO
with Red Tin Tag: Rose Leaf Fine Cut Chewing NAVY CLIPPINGS, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest, quality considered? eaug y.

Cards—Attorneys.

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte.

J. L. SPANGLER, C. P. HEWES.
SPANGLER & HEWES, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PENN'A. Special attention to collections; practice in all the courts; Consultation in German and English

JOHN KLINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA Office on second floor of Furst's new building north of Court House. Can be consulted in English or German. 7m'y84

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

J. H. ORVIS. C. M. BOWER. E. L. ORVIS
ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office opposite the Court House, on 2d floor of Furst's building. 21jan 85

Dentists.

DR. G. W. HOSTETTER, Dentist, Centre Hall. Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14mar

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

Hotels.

BUSH HOUSE, W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA. EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor. The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial 2sjune tf

NEW BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.
BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA
G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r.
Good Sample Rooms on First Floor. ☞ Free Buss to and from all trains. ☜ Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 5sub

CENTRE HALL HOTEL.
D. J. MEYER, Prop'r.
FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM.
Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

IRVIN HOUSE, LOCK HAVEN, PA. S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor. Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

CAMERON HOUSE, LEWISBURG, PENN'A. STETTLER & CODER..... Proprietors SPECIAL RATES TO COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS OVER SUNDAY. Good Livery attached. Free 'Buss to and from all trains. 18apy

J. D. MURRAY, Centre Hall, Pa., Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 tf

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO., BELLEFONTE, PENN'A. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; JAS. A. BEAVER, President. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier

PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO., CENTRE HALL, PA. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; buy and sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons. WM. WOLF, President W. B. MINGLE, Cashier.

J. ZELLER & SON, DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa. Dealer In DRUGS, —— DRUGS CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS, &c Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes always kept

FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE.—The undersigned represents twelve as good Fire Insurance companies as can be found in the world, and also represents the best Life and Accident companies in existence My motto is, "I study to please." Office in Bush's block, (over Valentine & Co.'s store,) Bellefonte, Pa. 27may1yr] BOND VALENTINE.

D. Z. EVANS, JR. **EVANS BROTHERS,** PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 56 N. Water Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Consignments of all kinds of Country Produce solicited. Quick Sales, Good Prices and Prompt Returns is our motto. We have excellent facilities for obtaining good prices for Butter, Eggs, Poultry, (live or dressed,) Lard, Tallow, Cheese, Potatoes, Fruit, (dried or fresh,) Corn, Oats, Hay, Live Stock; in fact, everything the farmer produces, either in car loads or small lots. Tags, stencils and price lists furnished free. ☞ We refer to the editor of this paper. eow

HELP for the working people. Send 10 cts. postage and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful, 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Prize. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

SALESMEN WANTED. A few good reliable men to act as AGENTS for the sale of our **New Fruits and Specialties!** together with a full line of NURSERY STOCK. Previous experience not essential. ☞ LIVE, ACTIVE MEN EARN GOOD WAGES. For terms address, giving full name, age and reference, **Hoopes, Brother & Thomas,** West Chester, Penn'a.

TAKE NOTICE OF THIS SPLENDID BARGAIN.—The "New York Weekly World," one of the best weeklies in the United States, by special arrangement with the World publishers, can be had very low by clubbing with the "Reporter." Two new names, clubbing for the "Reporter," will each get the two papers, the "World" and the "Reporter" one year, cash in advance, for $2.25, the regular price for the two being $3. Subscribers to the "Reporter" can have the "World" and "Reporter" for $2.50, in advance, or for $2.25 when clubbing with two new names.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Trade Mark. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

SCROFULA

Usually develops in early life, and is a peculiar morbid condition of the system, usually affecting the glands, often resulting in swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, thickening of the lips, enlarged neck, sore eyes. A scrofulous condition is often hereditary, but bad diet, too free use of fat meats, bad air, want of sunshine and nourishing food will induce it. Some people are troubled with scrofulous swelling of the glands, and with ulcers and kernels, which may cause very little pain; others may have inward scrofula, scrofula of the lungs, scrofula of the spleen, scrofula of the kidneys, and scrofula of the bones. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will drive away any case of scrofula and not to appear in another place, for their action on the blood and bowels will carry the disease entirely from the body.

HARDWARE. HARDWARE. HARDWARE

—for—

JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO. JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.

—ARE SELLING—

REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPERS, REAPERS,

And all kinds of Farming Tools,

RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, ROPE BLOCKS SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c.

—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE. TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.

JAS. HARRIS & CO.

Dr. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER FOR THE CURE OF

ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD. CURES ULCERS, ERYSIPELAS, SCROFULA, DEBILITY, CUTANEOUS DISEASES, SORE EYES, PIMPLES ON THE FACE, SALT RHEUM, MERCURIAL DISEASES, AND IN SHORT, IS THE BEST SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINE EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC. TRY IT, AND BE CONVINCED. IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION, COMPOUNDED FROM THE FINEST ROOTS, HERBS AND LEAVES, WHICH NATURE HAS PROVIDED FOR THE ILLS OF MAN. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS; EVERYWHERE.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS,

CURE LIVER COMPLAINT, CONSTIPATION, SICK-HEADACHES, FEVER AND AGUE, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE STOMACH AND LIVER, SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS 25 CENTS PER BOX.

R.E. SELLERS & Co. PROP'S. PITTSBURGH, Pa.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

Crowl's Patent Iron Roofing

IS THE ONLY

DOUBLE CAPPED CORRUGATED

ROOFING,

AND IS THE ONLY ONE PREPARED BY THE MANUFACTURERS

READY FOR USE.

J. A. REESMAN, Centre Hall, Pa., Agent.

Millheim Planing Mill.

Furnishes and Keeps on Hand

SASH, DOORS, FLOORING OF ALL KINDS, SIDING, SHUTTERS, BLINDS, MOULDING OF ALL KINDS, STAIR-RAILING, &c., &c., &c., &c.

Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.

23jl1y ISRAEL CONFER & SON

Items of Interest.

Vermont is never pronounced "Varmount" by people of that State, says the Rutland *Herald*, except in imitation of outsiders.

According to the will of a New Hampshire man his "dear wife" is to receive $10,000 in case she remains single eight weeks after his death.

The *Popolo Romano* lately printed the following advertisement in English: "A Roman gentleman wishes to marry English, American, or German lady. Very serious affair. Apply W. W."

A French chemist has invented an armor for those who fear assaults from vitrol throwers. It is in the form of a collodion ointment, which, when spread over the face forms an invulnerable glazing.

A conductor in Massachusetts put a tramp off his train and threw him a bundle which he supposed was his baggage. The tramp threw it back, and it was afterwards found to be a package of bills containing $4,500.

One of the greatest libraries in this country is that of Adolph Sutro, the borer of the famous Sutro tunnel. Mr. Sutro has scoured Europe in search of rarities, and has now stored in San Francisco enough books to bring the titles along up to 150,000.

A zealous Christian woman in Lowell has left her husband's bed and board because he will not be converted. She has reached the "perfect state," and is so outraged that her husband, otherwise an exemplary man, will not come to her way of thinking that she will no longer live with him.

According to the *Indiana Pharmacist*, raw oysters not only have a remarkable wholesome influence upon the digestive organs, but are highly recommended for hoarseness. Many leading vocalists are said to use them regularly in prepairing for their appearance in concerts or operas.

One cubic inch of gold, says the *Jeweler's Circular*, is worth $210; one cubic foot, $312,380, and one cubic yard, $9,796, 762 (counting the ounce at $18). At the commencement of the Christian era there were altogether $427,000,000 worth of gold, but at the time of the discovery of America only $57,000,000 remained. At present the value of all the gold in the world is counted $6,900,000,000.

At the recent funeral of Gen. Fabrizi, almost the last of the heroic group of patriot soldiers who supported Garibaldi, a small company of the original Garibaldians (fast thinning), in red shirts and breasts covered with medals, but otherwise many cases showing signs of extreme poverty, attracted the reverential attention of the crowd. All the Garibaldi family came from Caprera to attend the funeral.

A colored preacher in the outskirts of Columbia, S. C., notified his congregation on a recent Sunday that he would not preach until he had $5. The hat was passed round, and when returns were made $3.50 was in the pot, whereupon the preacher said he must have $1.50 more before he would preach. The hat was passed around the second time, and the $5 made up when the congregation was treated to one of the pastor's happiest efforts.

"An ideally pure water," said Prof. William G. Tucker, in an address before the Albany institute, the other night, "should be clear, colorless tasteless, and odorless, though little such exists in nature, and these properties are not necessarily proof of purity. Water may be as clear as crystal, and yet carry typhoid fever from a hamlet on one side of a mountain to dwellers on the other, as the celebrated case at Lausanne, Switzerland."

Dr. John J. Moran attended Edgar Allen Poe in his dying moments. He now writes that the habit of intemperance did, to some extent, cloud the poet's early life, but not his later years. Poe's constitution was such that he could not become a dram-drinker, and for four years previous to his death he was perfectly temperate. His death was caused by ill-treatment and exposure suffered from a party of Baltimore roughs, who caught him, cooped him up, drugged him, and voted him during an excited election. In attending him during his last illness, Dr. Moran saw that his patient gave no signs of a debauch. He refused a glass of spirits the day before he died.

A discussion has been lately going on in England with reference to the employment of electric eels for purposes of vivisection. One paper points out that, before an anti-vivisectionist protests against experiments upon electric eels, he should abjure eels altogether as an article of food; for eels are usually skinned while they are still alive, on the ground that this culinary process removes the oil with the skin and leaves the flesh white and firm. And the *St. James's Gazette* says that no virtues have been written down to the eel's credit. It does not care for the sufferings of other fish. No eel is ever touched to its heart because a big cod has made a breakfast of two dozen whiting. Besides, the eel is a cannibal. A big eel in want of a meal always looks out for a little eel. Why anti-vivisectionists should be tender over so unfeeling a creature it is hard to see.

Shelled corn and other coarse grain wanted at the Centre Hall roller mill.

BORROWED BOOKS.

Books possess in a hardly less marked degree than umbrellas the power of exciting the acquisitive propensities of the prescriptively respectable, and the appropriation of a book is, like that of an umbrella, regarded as a peculiarly venial breach of the Eighth Commandment. The form which the offense ordinarily assumes is that of the permanent retention of a book lent for temporary use and enjoyment. The neglect to return the volume does not necessarily imply dishonesty on the part of the borrower, as the omission may have been due to simple forgetfulness on his part. But the ardent bookhunter whose passion for rare works and rare editions amounts to a mania, will sometimes be hurried in the eagerness of pursuit into acts unsusceptible of any such charitable interpretation. The confirmed bibliomane is indeed one of the most determined and remorseless of human beings. "Tall" copies and "large paper" copies, incunebula and Elzevirs, possess a fascination for him compared with which the fascinations of the turf and the gaming table are tame and commonplace. If none but equivocal means present themselves of realizing some long-cherished bibliographical ambition, they must be crooked indeed if he recoils at them, and bibliomanía is of all manias perhaps that most nearly allied to kleptomania. Tallemant des Reaux tells us in one of his Historietts that when Dumoustier, the famous French draughtsman, was in the height of his fame, he received a visit one day in his studio from Cardinal Barberini, Urban IV.'s Legate in Paris, who was accompanied on the occasion by Monsignor Pamphili, one of his assessors. The attention of the latter was attracted to a handsomely bound volume lying on a table in the room, which proved to be be a copy of the rare English edition o the "History of the Council of Trent." Pamphili took the volume up, glanced through the leaves, and, profiting by a moment when Dumoustier's attention seemed to be completely monopolized by his other visitor, slipped the book inside his soutane. The artist had, however, noticed the act, and instantly interrupting the course of his converration with the Cardinal, he asked permission of his Eminence to point out to him a thief. He then went up to Pamphili, tore open his soutane, and snatched the book from its hiding-place. What adds piquancy to the story—for the the truth of which, or indeed of anything else coming from the gossiping abbe, it would be rash to vouch—is the fact that this same Monsignor Pamphili subsequently sat in the papal chair as Pope Innocent X.

THE ECONOMIC EFFECTS OF WAR.

War is, of course, economically, purely destructive. The men employed produce nothing; the engines prepared are useless, except for killing; the money expended is most of it consumed on objects which can yield no direct return. Enormous quantities of food are wasted in transport, domestic animals are used up in unproductive labor, and the men slain are necessarily among the strongest in the nation. Nevertheless, the economic loss of war is often not felt for a time; and it is probable that in the war supposed to be coming with Russia this will be the case to an unusual degree. It is by degrees that the economic effect of war comes to be felt, through the agency, usually, of taxation. No nation can throw away perhaps two years' revenue in one on unproductive effort without becoming gradually poorer—that is, without having less to spend in giving good wages to great multitudes of men. Suppose a war to cost fifty millions a year—and the American war cost 120 millions—though much of that is spent in wages, the whole is loss, for even the wages are paid from the economic point of view, for doing nothing. When the war stops, therefore, there will be distress, great or little in proportion to the expenditure, but, great or little, equally inevitable, not to be kept off by any financial arrangement. It may be rendered short, of course, or even innocuous, by other causes such as a sudden discovery of a new and cheaper motor, which by reducing the energy to be expended on producing a result, positively adds to the national force, and therefore, to the national producing power, or by the opening up of new channels of industry; but, apart from these, there is no avoiding the economic consequence of war. War is waste; the nation pays for the waste by taxation, and, therefore, every individual in the nation must, *pro tanto*, suffer. The particular war may be right, or unavoidable, or purely self-defensive, but one of its consequences must be this; and it is never wise to conceal what must inevitably happen.

A NEWSPAPER WITHOUT AN EDITOR.

A newspaper in Madrid, called the *Correspondencia*, is peculiar in its way. It has the largest circulation of any paper in the capital, reaching 200,000 to 300,000 a day. It has no editor, but a dozen wide-awake reporters, who scour the town for every kind of information. They come to the office and drop the manuscripts in a bag, and there they stay until the forman wants copy. Everything is then thrown into the forms without regard to order or anything else, and the paper is read from end to end in spite of this fact.

—For dusters, seer-sucker coats and latest style summer suits, at 30 per cent below any other store, go to the Philad. Branch.

A Queen's Opinion.

J. M. Queen writes from Johnston, W. Va., that he has been sorely afflicted for several years, but he was urged to try PERUNA, which he did, and he now feels that he is about over his trouble, and considers it the greatest medicine in the world. He says he has to go or send a distance of fifteen miles to obtain PERUNA, but it will repay him for this.

Ellwood Shallcross, former editor of the Saturday Journal, Wheeling, W. Va., says: "*Gentlemen:* Some time ago I was afflicted with a pain in my back in the region of the kidneys, and suffered considerably. Having read your advertisement, I went to Logan & Co., of this city, and purchased a bottle of PERUNA, which I took, and it resulted in the complete removal of the pain. I think I can safely recommend it as a superior panacea for pains."

Mr. Aaron Shreffler, Alma, Marion county, Ill., writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, O. *Dear Sirs:* Myself and wife have taken three bottles of your medicines and received much benefit by the use of them. My wife was troubled with neuralgia, headache and weak stomach. Her headache has not troubled her for the last two weeks, and her stomach is much better. She took only PERUNA. I used both medicines, and my general health is so much improved that I feel like a new man. My stomach is very much better, and the MANALIN keeps my bowels all right. We intend to keep taking the medicines until we are permanently cured."

Evans T. Jones, Prospect, Marion Co., O., says: "After having taken medicine from different physicians of this place without any relief, I was induced to try your PERUNA, which I purchased of Cook Bros., druggists, of this place, and after using some six bottles of the same, I feel very much benefited. Am sure it will finally work an entire cure."

T. J. Ewing, Cattletsburg, Ky., writes: "In the early part of last winter I contracted a severe cold, attended with a bad cough; then, being exposed during late flood, added to my disability. I have taken your PERUNA with good results. My cough has entirely left, soreness is gone, and am increasing in flesh.

Thomas Bradford, 314 Western Avenue, Allegheny City, Pa., writes: "I have had liver complaint for three years; I thought I would have to quit work; I have taken two bottles of your PERUNA, and am well."

S. Wolf & Son, Wilmot, Ohio, write: "We handle your goods, and they give good satisfaction."

From Pole to Pole

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for Scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, RALPH Y. WINGATE.

The Trooper's Experience.

Maseru, Basutoland (S. Africa,) March 7, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. K. BODEN, *Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Disease from the system.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME Sewing Machine

Simple Strong Swift & Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. HAS NO EQUAL. NEVER OUT OF ORDER.

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE Co.

30 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS. ATLANTA GA.

FOR SALE BY

J. Q. A. Kennedy, Centre Hall, Ag't.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

Nc. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

30dartf

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the

CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER

In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

STONE IN THE KIDNEY

Expelled After Using Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" Two Weeks.

One of the most remarkable cases that has ever been brought to the notice of the public is that of Mr. J. S. Beach, of Stone Ridge, Ulster county, N. Y. Mr. Beach had suffered since Oct. 18, 1874, from the presence of Calculus or Stone in the right kidney. No less than seven physicians were employed at different times, to whom Mr. Beach paid hundreds of dollars for medical treatment, with only temporary relief from his agony.

By the urgent solicitations of his friends he was induced to try Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," and experienced a marked improvement from the first day he began to use the medicine. On the 15th of September he voided a stone as large as he could pass through the natural channel.

Mr. Beach concludes a long letter to Dr. Kennedy by saying, "It will always afford me pleasure to recommend the 'Favorite Remedy' to those who may be suffering from difficulties of the kidneys and bladder or any disorders arising from an impure state of the blood."

Wm. McKnew, 124 Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., says: "I believe "Favorite Remedy" is a good medicine. It is doing me more good than anything I ever tried, and I have tried almost everything, for I am a sufferer from dyspepsia." While "Favorite Remedy" is a specific in Stomach and Bladder diseases, it is equally valuable in cases of billious disorders, constipation of the bowels and all the class of ills apparently inseparable from the constitutions of women. Price, $1; six bottles, $5.

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure of SPERMATORRHŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence, or sexual extravagance, etc.

The celebrated author in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

The best cure should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post paid, on receipt of four cents or two postage stamps. Address,

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., 41 Ann St., New York, N. Y., Post Office Box 450.

3mar 1yr

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after July 5, 1885.

		WESTWARD.		
ERIE MAIL leaves		Philadelphia		11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg		3 30 a m
"	"	Montandon		5 46 a m
"	"	Williamsport		7 25 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 57 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		8 25 a m
"	"	Renovo		9 50 a m
"	arr at	Erie		6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves		Philadelphia		4 20 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		8 30 a m
"	"	Montandon		10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport		11 10 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven		12 05 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves		Philadelphia		7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon		1 30 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport		2 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		3 55 p m
"	"	Renovo		5 05 p m
"	"	Kane		9 35 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at				5 05 p m
EAST LINE leaves		Philadelphia		11 50 p m
"	"	Harrisburg		3 45 p m
"	"	Montandon		5 54 p m
"	"	Williamsport		7 15 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		8 15 p m
"	arr at	Renovo		9 15 p m
		(Sunday Train.		
SUNDAY MAIL leaves		Philadelphia		4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		7 40 a m
"	"	Montandon		9 37 a m
"	"	Williamsport		10 40 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 38 a m
"	arrives	Renovo		12 30 p m
		EASTWARD.		
SEA SHORE EXP. leaves		Lock Haven		7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 29 a m
"	"	Williamsport		8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon		9 16 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia		3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves		Kane		5 45 a m
"	"	Renovo		10 00 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 00 a m
"	"	Williamsport		12 15 p m
"	"	Montandon		1 17 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		3 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia		6 50 p m
WMPT ACM'N leaves		Renovo		3 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		5 00 p m
"	"	Williamsport		6 35 p m
"	"	Montandon		7 41 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg		10 00 p m
"	"	Philadelphia		4 25 a m
Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.				
ERIE MAIL leaves		Erie		2 20 p m
"	"	Renovo		10 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport		1 05 a m
"	"	Montandon		2 10 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		4 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia		8 25 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R. at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD. Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A. M.	A. M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P. M.	P. M
1 35	10 20	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 50
1 50	10 35	6 00	Lewisburg, arrive	8 55	12 55	5 35
2 15	10 35	7 25	Lewisburg, leave	8 35	12 40	4 50
2 20	10 40	7 30	Fair Grounds	8 30	12 35	4 45
2 30	10 51	7 40	Beihl	8 20	12 24	4 34
2 36	11 00	7 45	Vicksburg	8 15	12 16	4 28
3 00	11 20	8 00	Mifflinburg	8 00	12 00	4 13
3 28		8 22	Milmont	7 40		3 52
3 40		8 33	Laurelton	7 30		3 40
5 00		9 48	Coburn	6 15		2 20
5 30		10 15	Rising Spring	5 50		1 50
		10 29	Centre Hall			1 28
		10 48	Gregg			1 19
		11 00	Linden Hall			1 06
		11 10	Oak Hall			1 00
		11 20	Lemont			12 50

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.25 a m, 10 a m; and 7.30 p m; returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.05 p m and 7 50 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't

NEW ENTERPRISE AT SPRING MILLS, PA.

PHILIP S. DALE, AT HIS

—NEW PLAINING MILL,—

Where a general line of Plaining Mill work is done, such as

FLOORING, Surfacing all kinds of SIDING,

and MOULDING, BRACKETS, DOORS and SASH.

Also manufactures all kinds of Furniture.

Furniture at Wholesale.

17jun3m

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE.

Next Term begins Jan., 7, 1885.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:

1 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
2 A Full Latin Scientific Course.
3 The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two years each following the first two years of the Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
4 A short SPECIAL COURSE IN AGRICULTURE.
5 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
6 A recognized course in Mechanical Arts combining shop-work with study.
7 A new Special Course (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies.
8 A carefully graded Preparatory Course.
9 SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of competent lady Principal.

For Catalogues, or other information, address GEO. W. ATHERTON, President, 1yjan9 State College, Centre Co., P

There is no excuse for suffering from CONSTIPATION and other diseases that follow a disordered state of the Stomach and Bowels, when the use of

DR. HENRY BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS

Will give immediate relief.

After constipation follows

Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Apoplexy, Palpitations, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, etc., all of which these Bitters will speedily cure by removing the cause.

Keep the *Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive Organs in good working order, and* perfect health will be the result. Ladies and others subject to Sick Headache will find relief and permanent cure by the use of these Bitters Being tonic and mildly purgative they

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

Price 25 cts. per bottle.

For sale by all dealers in medicine. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions.

HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

For sale at Murray's Drug store.

ANYBODY Can now make Photographs by the Dry Plate Process.

For 50 cts. we will send post-paid Roche's Manual for Amateurs, which gives full instructions for making the pictures.

Outfits we furnish from $10 upwards.

Our PHOTOGRAPHIC BULLETIN, edited by Prof. Chas. F. Chandler, head of the Chemical Department of the School of Mines, Columbia College, published twice a month for only $2 per annum, keeps Photographers, professional or amateur, fully posted on all improvements, and answers all questions when difficulties arise. Circular and price list free. E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., Manufacturers of Photographic Aparatus and Materials, No. 591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY. Forty years established in this line of business. 25mar8m

$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 6 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Win more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

$1.00 THIRTEEN WEEKS.

The POLICE GAZETTE will be mailed securely wrapped, to any address in the United States for three months on receipt of ONE DOLLAR.

Liberal discount allowed to postmasters, agents and clubs. Sample copies mailed free. Address all orders to RICHARD K. FOX, tf Franklin Square, N. Y.

SELWYN HALL READING, PENN.

A thorough preparatory School for Boys. Conducted upon the Military plan. Boys of any age admitted. Send for catalogue, terms, etc. L. C. BISHOP, Head Master, Reading, Pa.

If you want the two papers, the REPORTER and the "New York Weekly World," for one year at $2.25, you can have the two by sending us the $2.25 in advance and a new name with $2.25, to which the two papers will also be sent. This is a big bargain, and we are only able to carry it out upon the above plan.

MUSICAL COLLEGE.—The 28th session of six weeks opens Monday evening, July 27, for the study and training of young ladies in vocal and instrumental music. For circular address, F. C. MOYER, 17jun3t Freeburg, Pa.

NEAR THE DAWNING.

When life's troubles gather darkly
  Round the way we follow here;
When no hope the sad heart lightens.
  No voice speaks a word of cheer;
Then the thought the shadows scatters,
  Giving us a cheering ray—
When the night appears the darkest,
  Morning is not far away.

When adversity surrounds us,
  And our sunshine friends pass by,
And the dreams so fondly cherished
  With our scattered treasures lie;
Then amid such gloomy seasons
  This sweet thought can yet be drawn;
When the darkest hour is present
  It is always near the dawn.

When the spirit fluttering lingers
  On the confines of this life,
Parting from all joyful memories,
  And from every scene of strife,
Though the scene is sad and gloomy,
  And the body shrinks in fear,
These dark hours will soon be vanished,
  And the glorious morn be here.

Pain cannot affect us always,
  Brighter days will soon be here,
Sorrow may oppress us often,
  Yet a happier time is near;
All along our earthly journey
  This reflection lights our way;
Nature's darkest hour is always
  Just before the break of day.

LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT.

"How do you feel now, mother dear?" asked a tender young voice. "Is your head any better?"

"No, Mabel. It aches and aches, until I almost wish I could die. Lay your hand here."

Mabel's cheek paled as her mother took her hand and pressed it against her temple.

Such fire would soon burn out life's flickering taper.

She wet a cloth and bound it round the fevered head. As she did so the sick woman gave a sigh of relief. She opened her eyes and turned a grateful look upon the girl.

"Do you know, Mabel," she said feebly, "I dreamed last night of the dear old home where we lived before your father died. You were a wee toddling baby then. It seems to me, if I could have some of the flowers that grew in the garden in front of the house, the very smell of them would cure me."

Tears rushed to Mabel's eyes. They lived in the great crowded city, and they were poor. Mabel could not spare from her scanty hoard even the trifling sum for which she could buy a bunch of flowers from the vendors who were stationed at so many different places along the street.

How could she get some of the fragrant flowers for her mother?

Suddenly came a thought of an old-fashioned mansion a little way out of the city. It was embowered in a wilderness of bloom.

Surely it would be no harm for her to go and ask for some flowers, they could but refuse them.

She bent over the invalid and kissed her.

"Mother," she said softly, "if you will be content to stay alone for a few hours I think I can gratify your longing, if not for the blossoms that grew about your old home for some just like them. I will ask Mrs. Gray to come in and give you your medicine regularly."

Mrs. Gray was a kind-hearted woman who occupied a part of the house in which they lived, and she readily consented to minister to the invalid's comfort in any way she could during Mabel's absence.

It was not without a tremor that Mabel at last found herself in a broad, neatly kept path which led to the Gwinne mansion.

A huge mastiff sprang toward her as she neared the house.

"Down, Nero! Down!"

The speaker was an old gentleman, who evidently feared that the approach of the dog would intimidate Mabel. But Nero contented himself with a good-natured sniff, reserving his fiercer side for a more suspicious party.

His master looked pleased to see Mabel pat his head fearlessly. The truth was, now that she was in the presence of the stately old master of the place, her heart failed her, and she was glad of an excuse to defer asking for the flowers.

"Well, Miss," he said courteously, "can I do do anything to put you in the way of finding the person you are seeking?"

"It is you sir. I came to ask you for flowers for my sick mother."

"Pick all you want. The more the better. You are welcome to all you can carry.

Just then Mabel heard a clear, ringing voice shout: "Grandfather!" and out of the cool, tiled hall, of which an enchanting glimpse was visible through the open door, came a youth who looked to her like some prince from a fairy land.

She was not accustomed to the luxurious habits of the rich, and his dark-blue velvet dressing-gown, fastened by its cord of shimmering, woven gold, and the richly embroidered smoking-cap which rested on his curly head, seemed to her altogether too gorgeous a toilet for a mortal like herself.

But the illusion only lasted for a moment. A pair of brown eyes, just the color of a ripe chestnut, glanced at her curiously as their owner came down the walk.

"You are just the one I want, Chauncey. Get my pruning-shears and a basket off the table in the lower hall, and bring them to me."

Chauncey soon returned with the desired articles, and Mabel found herself following Mr. Gwinne into the garden. She was soon laden with fragrant spoils, and was sent homeward rejoicing with a kindly:

"Come again when these are faded," from Mr. Gwinne.

When Mabel reached home and her mother saw the flowers, she put out her hands with a delighted exclamation.

"Give them to me, child, quick! The very sight of them gives me new strength!"

And when Mabel put the fragrant clusters in her hands, she held them to her face in a mute caress.

After a while she turned her eyes upon Mabel, with a look in them which startled the girl by its intensity.

She was not like Mabel, who was slight and pale, and who looked even more childish than her years, with only her heavy mass of rippling curls and her dark, appealing eyes to redeem her face from absolute plainness. She had evidently once been a woman of queenly form and of magnificent beauty. Even now her great fever-bright eyes and hollow cheeks bore a weird, spectre-like semblance of health, but it was delusive.

"My darling," she whispered, "you have brought me a blessing and you shall be rewarded. To-morrow I will throw pride to the winds and dictate a letter to my father which shall restore my child to her rights. Oh, Mabel, nature is an unerring teacher, and in your love and obedience to me I have, at this late day learned a lesson of duty. I was, when young, carefully educated in all but that most importan of lessons to a child, filial obedience. I was brought up to think that my own wishes must be gratified at any cost; and when I met and loved your father, instead of waiting patiently to gain a consent which my indulgent parents could not long have withheld to our union, we were married clandestinely. My one effort at reconciliation was not successful—and—and—But, darling, I am too weary to say any more. Another day I will finish my story."

But when the morrow's sun shone into the room, it was to rest, like a voiceless benediction, upon a clay-clad form, and upon a motherless girl alone with it and her sorrow.

At first the desolate child—for Mabel was but fourteen—was conscious only of her bereavement. But soon came a thought which brought with it such keen pain that it aroused her to instant action. Her darling mother must not be laid away to rest in the Potter's Field.

She would go to the kind old gentleman who had given her the flowers, and ask him for help in this trying hour which had come to her young life. She found him at home.

"Oh, sir," she said piteously, "my mother is lying cold and still, with all the sweet life gone out of her beautiful body! You are kind and rich. I know it is a great deal to ask, but if you keep them from laying her in a charity-grave I will pay back every penny you spend."

The pleading, tear-stained face, the childish, yet womanly ways of the self-reliant little creature, thus pledged to fulfil a duty which would entail long hours of labor, and days of anchorite abstinence before it could be accomplished, touched a chord in Randolph Gwinne's heart.

"Go home, little one," he said gently, "and mourn for your dead. Do not fear; I will see that all needful arrangements are attended to."

After all was over, Mabel settled down again to her monotonous routine of work. Every week she scrupulously laid aside a portion of her earnings and carried them to Mr. Gwinne, who took them from her with apparent indifference.

The child had made a contract with him, and out of respect to her the man of business carried it out to the letter.

At last the final payment was made. As Mabel turned to go, after thanking her benefactor, his voice recalled her to his side.

"Little Mabel," he said, "I have been an interested spectator of your manner of life since you and I made our bargain. I have seen your cheeks grow pale for want of the food you persisted in denying yourself, that you might bring your weekly hoard to me, and I wondered if one so young would be able to carry out so high a resolve. You have succeeded, and all your life long you will have it to remember. Now, your part is done, and mine begins. Give me your hand, my child, for Randolph Gwinne respects you. More than that, he loves you well enough to ask you to become his adopted daughter. Come and make your home with me. You shall have every advantage that bountiful means can provide. You will have no objections, Chauncey, my boy, will you?" as his grandson came into the room.

A few words explained his meaning, and Chauncey turned his handsome eyes indifferently toward the hesitating girl. It was not the first time they had met—as Mabel was conscious in every fibre of her sensitive being, but Chauncey did not remember her.

So the careless but good-natured "Of course, grandfather, one more or less does not matter in this great house," sank deep into Mabel's memory, to rise again to the surface and influence her future long after Chauncey had forgotten them.

So it was that Mabel was domiciled at the Gwinnes. A governess was engaged for her, and music and painting lessons soon occupied the time not engaged in her studies. Thus a year passed on.

One morning the daily paper was brought as usual to Mr. Gwinne, as he was sitting at the breakfast-table, sipping coffee.

Suddenly an exclamation from him arrested Mabel's attention.

He had read a notice asking for the knowledge of the whereabouts of one Rachel Freeland, whose married name was Wynne. Her only surviving parent had died, and she, if living, was sole heiress to a large fortune; if dead, her children would inherit.

"Well I remember poor Rachel," said Mr. Gwinne musingly. "She was the handsomest girl I ever saw. She gave up all for love, and made a clandestine marriage with a man of whom her parents disapproved, Poor Rachel! I wonder if she is alive!"

Mabel rose from the table, and went to Mr. Gwinne. She was very pale, but her eyes shone with excitement.

"Rachel Freeland was my mother's maiden name. Oh, my kind benefactor, how little you knew whose child it was you were befriending! But for you she would be sleeping in a nameless grave!"

"Truly, the ways of God are mysterious!" said the kind-hearted old gentleman, taking off his spectacles to wipe away the sudden mist that blurred them.

Mabel had no difficulty in proving her claim, as her parents' marriage certificate was found among some papers stowed away in an old chest. So the orphan waif adopted by Randolph was now independently wealthy in her own right.

Mabel was now fifteen. She had not changed much in personal appearance during the year of her stay at the Gwinnes'. She was still slight and rather undersized. Her complexion was rather sallow, and though her features were regular, she was undeniably plain. Her luxuriant shining hair and lustrous eyes, were, however, sufficient to redeem her from positive ugliness.

Chauncey was still a student, coming home only for his college vacations, and then burying himself in his beloved books, so that he was only visible at meal times.

Suddenly Mr. Gwinne's health failed, and he was ordered abroad. Mabel and Miss Clay, her governess, accompanied him. They remained away from home three years.

Then word came to Chauncey that they were coming home. They were tired of travel, and Mr. Gwinne had quite recovered his health.

Chauncey met them at the station. He was handsome and indifferent-looking as ever, but was truly, in his appearance, a king among men to Mabel's partial eyes.

As the little party he had come to meet drew near, he gave his grandfather a cordial shake of the hand, and turned towards Mabel, to find himself confronted by a tall, stately girl, with flashing dark eyes, set in a face of such loveliness that he was, for a moment, dazzled.

"I beg your pardon, I thought it was my cousin," he said, turning to the other lady.

But when Miss Clay's familiar features met his eyes, he asked:

"Where is Mabel, have you left her behind?"

"Don't you know me, Cousin Chauncey?" asked a merry voice beside him, and the beautiful apparition he had mistaken for a stranger put out her gloved hand in a half-playful, half-friendly way.

From that time the young student's torture commenced.

Mabel, who had left home a half-grown girl, had gained with maturity the rounded suppleness of form as well as the queenly dignity of a young Diana; and with the rich color, which had chased away the pallor of her cheeks, had come that delicious, delicate complexion so rarely seen with dark hair.

An older and more experienced judge of beauty would, years before, have seen its promise in those regular features, and straight, though at that time, angular outlines—but to her adopted cousin it was a surprise.

He looked upon it as upon a miracle, and every new glimpse of her bewitching face served but to deepen the impression.

But Mabel had changed in other things beside beauty. She was incomprehensible to him in her varied moods.

Now grave—now gay—now majestic as a princess—now gentle and simple as a child.

Chauncey knew not what to make of her. But he was fully conscious of one truth; that he loved the very ground her tiny feet had pressed. He was her shadow.

At last he grew desperate.

She should not thus hold him aloof and play with his feelings any longer. It might be amusement to her, but it was making his life a torture.

So he captured her in the library one morning, before the rest of the family had made their appearance, and pressed his suit with an earnestness which would have moved a heart of stone.

But to all appearance it had no effect upon Mabel. She answered with a careless smile:

"In a house, like this, where 'one or more doesn't matter,' it would be well for you to think twice before offering yourself to me;" and she swept from the room, leaving Chauncey lost in a maze of bewilderment and anger.

Her debt was paid; but was Mabel happy? It was hard to tell from her appearance in society.

Chauncey made no attempt at reconciliation; and the two young hearts daily drifted farther apart, until one day it happened that the same spirit stirred within them both—a longing for a walk in the garden.

Winter had passed, and summer had come, and so had the flowers.

They met beside the same luxuriantly laden bushes from which Mabel had carried the clusters to her sick mother.

Their eyes met involuntarily. In spite of his wounded pride, Chauncey's wild love sprang into renewed life, and he held out his arms entreatingly.

"O, Mabel, forgive me! I was but a careless, thoughtless boy. It is the man who now appreciates you, and loves you better than his own life."

Another moment and Mabel's queenly head was resting on his breast.

"It was because I loved you even then that your words had power to sting me so cruelly. They rankled all through the years that followed them. But the pain is gone now."

So amid the flowers was told another one of those stories as old as the first love-tale in Eden, and yet as young as the morning which ushers in a new day.

Florida Orange Groves.

Harriet Beecher Stowe has a grove on the St. Louis river, just above Palatka, from which she enjoys a handsome revenue annually, besides having a pleasant resort for the winter months. Colonel Hart's grove, opposite Jacksonville, on the St. John's, is the oldest grove in the State. Some of the trees have born as many as 8,000 oranges in one season. Quite a profitable grove that. The Indian and Ocklawaha river fruit is the best and brings the highest price in the market. Most of the Florida stock—in fact, I may say all of it—is shipped to New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. The demand for our oranges is so great that were the entire State planted in oranges the yield would not be sufficient to supply the demand from the three cities mentioned. An orange grove is safer than a cattle ranch for an investment every time.

Very many seek knowledge not so much for the truth as for the speculation there is in it.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a long way off.

His Honor and Bijah.

"Bijah," said his Honor, as he skinned himself out of his spring overcoat and looked out of the alley window at an onion sprouting up in an ash heap, "who is making all that noise in the corridor?"

"It's a woman, sir—Mrs. O'Rearity!"

"What does she want?"

"Wants to be tried, sir.'

"Well, we'll have to call the case at once. She's probably in a hurry to get home and fix for a day at the roller rink. Lead her out gently, Bijah. Always remember that a gill of kindness goes further in this world of hate springs than a whole barrel of bulldozing."

Mrs. O'Rearity was brought out. It was gently. Bijah carried her as he would a 200 pound bag of flour, and the way she was kicking, biting and scratching would have done credit to a wild cat.

"I'll have the life out of him!" she exclaimed as she was left before the desk. "The impudence of the old bald head to bring me in before all these people after that fashion?"

"Mrs. O'Rearity, you are unduly excited," said his Honor.

"Excited, your Honor! It's madness, you mean! I'm that mad that I could pitch the whole crowd of yees into the alley!"

"Gently, female, gently. Eminent doctors are a unit in declaring that anger is a drain on the tissues. Be calm and candid, and let me inquire what sort of fluid you drank yesterday to produce the family row last night?"

"I never tasted a drop of even water!"

"H'm. But you had a row?"

"No, sir. The old man went off and put $5 of my money into lottery tickets, and I gave him a bit of my mind."

"With a club?"

"It was a hoe-handle, sir."

"Do you have these rows very often, Mrs. O'Rearity?"

"About once a week, sir, the same as other folks. If we didn't, sir, I'm thinking this world would soon get too goody-good for the people."

"When were you here last?"

"Three months agone."

"For what?"

"Same old hoe-handle, your Honor."

"Ah! I remember. I let you go that time. This time the fine will be $5."

She turned to the audience and beckoned to a man with a bandage around his head and three strips of court-plaster across his nose, and as he came forward she said:

"Me darlint, foive dollars is dog-cheap considering the fun we had. Hand over the cash and we'll go."

He paid it without a word, and they went away hand in hand.

"Jordan Davis, the charge is disorderly conduct."

"Sorry, sir, but I didn't know as it was against the law."

"You were throwing kisses at every woman who passed you. Jordan, you must be a masher."

"No, sir."

"Well, you are too sweet for a town like this. Officer, did you observe any further rudeness on his part?"

"I observed a woman smash a $6 parasol over his head, sir."

"Ah! Glad to know we have such women among us. Prisoner, outside of insulting females on the street, what do you do for a living?"

"Work hard, sir."

"Let me see your hands. H'm! Guess you work with the dice box or poker chips. Your fine is $10."

"I haven't got it, sir."

"Oh, that won't bother you at all; you will go up for sixty days. If you have any spare time up there you can practice on a new pose.

"John Hancock Scott, did you have trouble with your wife?"

"Yes, sah—a werry leetle."

"On the street?"

"Right on de street, sah?"

"How did it come about?"

"She stole money outer my pocket an' bought a pair of roller skates."

"Ah—ha! Caught the mania, did she?"

"She did, sah."

"Poor thing! And you didn't want her to go?"

"No, sah. I cotched up wid her on de street, an' we argufied an' jawed an' got mad, an' had a tussle."

"Tally one for the anti-rinker. Well, you were brought down. Ever here before?"

"No, sah."

"That's in your favor. Suppose I let you go?"

"I reckon we can kiss an' make up an' be happy agin', sah."

"Well, you may try it, and if you can't succeed come back here and let me give you about thirty days."

Receiving New Cadets.

It is very amusing to watch a plebe under military discipline. The lads who have already reported and are awaiting examination look as if they were in a state of perpetual torture. They are compelled to swallow their conceit and roll their rustic dignity in the dust before a pair of irreproachable white trousers. This morning three young fellows came up from a school somewhere down the river to report. They were evidently the sons of well-to do parents, and possibly with the intention of making an impression they rattled up to the headquarters building in an open carriage, with their commission papers sticking out of their coat pockets. The army officers did not rush out to greet them, and they stood for some time on the granite steps before an orderly suggested that if they had no business there it would be well for them to move on. They pulled out their papers and were directed to walk up stairs to Adjt. Hoyle. Their courage sank into their boots. Uniformed officers were bustling about as busy as bees, and looking quite ready to inflict as sharp a sting if they were interfered with. However, there was no use dawdling, so the biggest fellow of the three was pushed up the stairs first, with his two companions following nervously on his heels.

"Well?" The adjutant's tone was not exactly harsh, but it very plainly said: "Move along quickly if you have anything to say, or get out." The biggest boy laid his commission on the table as if he was afraid of breaking it, and stood as still as a mouse, hardly daring to breathe. His companions peeked at him through the door and audibly snickered. "Come, none o' that," said an orderly. The adjutant merely glanced at the paper, tossed it aside with a heap of others, and touched a bell. In less than a minute the three lads were on the way to the surgeons, feeling only about half as big as they did when they arrived. They were marched into a plainly furnished room, and not without some feeling of fright promptly obeyed a stern order to take off all their clothes. Each man stepped on a scale to be weighed, and was catechized as to his habits and previous mode of living. This done, the surgeons examined the boys from head to foot, sounding their lungs and their chests, testing their ears, their eyes and their teeth, looking out very sharply for weak spots. Back again they went to the adjutant, delighted at having passed the first ordeal successfully. Another slip of paper, another orderly, and they were soon in Treasurer Spurgin's office, heaping up their money on the table.

"Is that all you have?" asked Capt. Spurgin.

"Yes, sir," said all three.

"Have you loaned any since you left home?"

"No, sir," said two of the boys. The third held his tongue and tried to look as if he didn't hear. The question was repeated.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I let —— have $5."

"Well, I want you to get it back at once and let me have it to-night."

It is only occasionally that a boy resorts to a ruse of this kind to keep a little money in his pocket. He invariably gets caught, and wonders how it is that army officers are so exceeding sharp. "I wish you would let me have 25 cents of that back, sir," said one of the lads as another orderly was getting them toward the door.

"What for? asked the treasurer.

"Well, sir, my folks feel kind o' anxious, and I want to telegraph them that I have gone through the doctors," he explained, with some embarrassment.

"If you were an older cadet you would have to make that request in writing. Suppose you begin now," said Capt. Spurgin, pointing to pen and paper.

The 25 cents went into the treasurer's safe credited to the boy's account. The orderly marched them all over the commandant's headquarters, bestowing a few sharp words of command on the way, greatly to his own gratification. Here they were met by the officer in charge, given a few specific instructions, with caution to be sure and obey them if they wanted to be comfortable, and then sent over to the quarters assigned them in charge of another orderly. These orderlies are enlisted men on the post.

Steeples.

In speaking of the usefulness of church steeples, we would not have it understood that their only use has been in connection with the bells. Along the coast there can be no doubt that they were often used as beacons before the introduction of light-houses. At Happisburgh, in Norfolk, a lofty steeple—alas! too near the ever-grasping waves—has had its steps well-nigh worn away by the continual traffic to its summit. We all know, too, how "broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane," when the country became alarmed at the approach of the Spanish Armada. Now-a-days our steeples are made to serve more utilitarian purposes in carrying vanes, weathercocks and flagstaffs. Although very rarely indeed met with in the churches themselves, ancient fire-places are by no means uncommon in steeples. They are usually on the first floor, and have flues going to the top in the thickness of the wall. It has never been satisfactorily proved for whose use they could have been intended. Some have supposed that such towers as have them must at some time or other have been watch-towers; but in remote inland districts it seems more reasonable to suppose that recluses dwelt in such places.

With bare walls and narrow loop holes, they must have been at all times wretched habitations; but picture, if you can, such an abode on a windy night. The gloomy surroundings, the howl of the blast, the perpetual whistling in the turret-staircase, the creaking of the tree-tops, a sense of loneliness in all this uproar. Can any situation be more conductive to madness? But now-a-days we mount our steeples only to repair the bell-gear or to hoist the flag.

An Eccentric Hermit.

Sumner Hartwell, the octogenarian hermit of Shirley, Massachusetts, is dead. He lived and died in the room where he was born. He passed half his life in a locality where he could hear the locomotive whistle daily, yet he never rode on a train of cars, and knew not the appearance of the inside of an ordinary freight caboose. He had no idea of the nature of the telegraph instrument, and had failed to gaze upon the telephone transmitter. Horse cars would have been as strange to him as they would have been to the North American Indian in 1537. Of the several towns near Shirley he had visited only two. The city of Fitchburg, two miles away, he knew no more about than he did of Herat. From the hilltop where he passed his days can plainly be seen the church spires in Lunenberg, three miles away, yet Sumner Hartwell knew as much about Constantinople as he did of Lunenberg. He had been to Townsent Harbor, an adjacent village, and had paid visits to a grist mill on the edge of Groton, but at that point he would not alight from his team. Neither curiosity nor a desire for information had ever prompted him to learn in just what manner his corn was turned into meal. Hartwell never saw a circus, never attended a country cattle show, never heard of a thousand matters familiar to every schoolboy in the land. For forty years he had not attended church, but he made the request that when he died the bell upon the Unitarian Church be tolled, and it was.

British Consols.

As the price of British consols (an abbrevation of "consolidated annuities" and pronounced either con-*sols* or *con*-sols, but naturally the latter way) is a certain mark of the feeling of security or insecurity of financiers of all kinds in London, the reader may just now be in need of the reminder that by far the greater portion of the national debt of the United Kingdom has been funded into a perpetual obligation of 3 per cent interest per annum to the holders. The British Ministers, when they desire to borrow money, instead of offering a $1,000 bond at 6, 7, or 8 per cent, principle payable in ten or forty years, as was done in America, say to the money lender: "We will pay 3 per cent on everything we borrow. Now, how much of a bond do you want in return for $1,000?" The money lender has received as high as $1,774 and as low as $998, according the degree of credit enjoyed by the government. In this way the government has piled up an imaginary obligation of $3,500,000 or, in reality has written an annual pension-roll of $145,000,000. Now let us suppose that a man desires to "lend money to the Government"—that is to take the place of those who have so lent it, or those whose ancestors have so lent it. The investor takes $1,000 into the market. If Napoleon has just signed the peace of Tilsit, the lender obtains, as aforesaid, a bond for $1,774, on which he ever afterward is to draw 3 per cent. If Disraeli have just torn up Russia's treaty of San Stefano and taken Cyprus, the lender gets only an even bond for his $1,000. Again, if time pass, and a Premier without the governmental requisite of an iron will allow the government to drift into a position of isolation with most of the world and hostilities toward the good fighters, then the holder sells his bond for $940, and may be glad to get that much. This holder has before held bonds for which he paid $1,000, and sold as low as $800 and as high as $1,020. Consols have not been so low for seven years as they are at this crisis but they are still firm, as 80 would be considered very low and 100 very high. The idea of the consol, wherein it differs from the American consolidated debt, is that the principal may vary in amount, but the interest never. This makes easier book-keeping for the Treasury, but exposes the Treasurer to all the greater temptation to borrow. The dealings in Government securities are "cleared" or "settled" once a month. This day (or any other like it) is called the London Account, and is the greatest of all the financial observances in the world. The actual payments of money balances at this clearing mount into the hundreds of millions. So the investor may buy consols for cash or for the account, which, when the account is several weeks away, makes a difference in values, like "spot wheat" and "seller the month" in American Boards.

Gambling in Paris.

In this city the police know there is a daily *cagnotte* in the inferior *cercles* of Paris which probably reaches a total of 140,000,000 francs a year. Were the croupiers honest, this sum, great as it is, would be considerably exceeded; and what is lost at the watering place casinos must be prodigious.

The suppression of gambling in Germany to some extent explains why it rages so violently in France. Early in the last decade new *cercles* started up to supply the cravings of those gamesters who used to go to Baden-Baden and Hamburg and run back when they were cleaned out. The contagion spread. Horse-racing, which De Morny promoted on the grounds that it improves horse flesh and circulates money briskly, has steadily fed the fever. So has the lottery which the government has encouraged under the pretext of forwarding patriotic and charitable enterprises. One commercial result of the spread of the hells is the ruin of the cafe restaurants. Hardly any of the first or even the second-class restaurants are able to make both ends meet. If French ladies were not fond of going for a change to dine in *cabinets particuliers* and the demi-monde were not still a power, Bignon's, the Cafe Anglaise and Peter's would have to follow the example of the Cafe Helder in winding up. The spreading-out of Paris to some extent draws out the rush of life from the old boulevards: but the restaurants could, never the less go on prospering were it not for the hells. I know of a grandiose hell where a *dejeuner* is provided at from three to five francs, which would be charged twenty-five francs for at Bignon's, and could not be furnished at a second-rate house. All the vices are now and then glorified in its salons, at soirees artistiques et dramatiques. At these entertainments special reviews, charades and comediettas are played. If not written in Latin, they brave *l'honnetete*. They are not mere *gaulois, series*, intended just to raise a laugh, but are calculated to unloose the brute beast which lies hidden in so many civilized beings. These divertissements get to the head like drugged wine, and attach young fools, and still more old fools to the disguised hell.

Hugo's Manner of Working.

Hugo's own description of his method of work given in a letter written not long since, is curious:—"I generally work on a number of books at once. I pass from romance to poetry, and from the theatre to history. Except only when I am finishing up a work, my labors follow my fancy, and my books are built up little by little. I rise in the morning often without knowing on what I am going to labor. According to the inspiration I write prose or verse. Sometimes by noon the mind has changed, and I finish the day with a subject different from that of the forenoon. But there is no absolute rule." Biographers have been led into the error of saying that Hugo was the most systematic of men.

Out in the world men show us two sides in their character; by their fireside, only one.

FOUR ACTS PLAYED!

Sad Report About Ex-President Arthur.

WILL THE FIFTH AND FINAL ACT BE A TRAGEDY?

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

"Dr. Lincoln who was at the funer-" "al of ex-Secretary Frelinghuysen," "says ex-President Arthur looked very" "unwell. He is suffering from Bright's" "disease. During the past year it has" "assumed a very aggravated form.'

That telegram is act IV. of a drama written by ex-President Arthur's physicians. In Act I. he was made to appear in "Malaria," of which all the country was told when he went to Florida.

In Act II. he represented a tired man, worn down, walking the sands at Old Point Comfort and looking eastward over the Atlantic toward Europe for a longer rest.

The curtain rolls up for Act III. upon the distinguished actor affected with melancholy from Bright's disease, while Act IV. discovers him with the disease "in an aggravated form, suffering intensely, (which is unusual) and about to take a sea voyage."

Just such as this is the plot of many dramas by play-wrights of the medical profession. They write the first two or three acts with no conception of what their character will develop in the final one.

They have not the discernment for tracing in the early, what the latter impersonations will be. Not one physician in a hundred has the adequate microscopic and chemical appliances for discovering bright's disease in its early stages, and when many do finally comprehend that their patients are dying with it, when death occurs, they will, to cover up their ignorance of it, pronounce the fatality to have been caused by ordinary ailments, whereas these ailments are really results of Bright's disease of which they are unconscious victims.

Beyond any doubt, 80 per cent. of all deaths except from epidemics and accidents, result from diseased kidneys or livers. If the dying be distinguished and his friends too intelligent to be easily deceived, his physicians perhaps pronounce the complaint to be pericarditis, pyæmia, septicæmia, bronchitis, pleuritis, valvular lesions of the heart, pneumonia, etc. If the deceased be less noted, "malaria" is now the fashionable assignment of the cause of death.

But all the same, named right or wrong, this fearful scourge gathers them in! While it prevails among persons of sedentary habits, — lawyers, clergymen, congressmen,—it also plays great havoc among farmers, day laborers and mechanics, though they do not suspect it, because their physicians keep it from them, if indeed they are able to detect it.

It sweeps thousands of women and children into untimely graves every year. The health gives way gradually, the strength is variable, the appetite fickle, the vigor gets less and less. This isn't malaria—it is the beginning of kidney disease and will end—who does not know how?

No, nature has not been remiss. Independent research has given an infallible remedy for this common disorder; but of course the bigoted physicians will not use Warner's safe cure, because it is a private affair and cuts up their practice by restoring the health of those who have been invalids for years.

The new saying of "how common Bright's disease is becoming among prominent men!" is getting old, and as the Englishman would say, sounds "stupid" — especially "stupid" since this disease is readily detected by the more learned men and specialists of this disease. But the "common run" of physicians, not detecting it, give the patient Epsom salts or other drugs prescribed by the old code of treatment under which their grandfathers and great-grandfathers practiced!

Anon, we hear that the patient is "comfortable." But ere long, maybe, they "tap" him and take some water from him and again the "comfortable" story is told. Torture him rather than allow him to use Warner's safe cure! With such variations the doctors play upon the unfortunate until his shroud is made, when we learn that he died from heart disease, pyæmia, septicæmia or some other deceptive though "dignified cause."

Ex-President Arthur's case is not singular—it is typical of every such case. "He is suffering intensely." This is not usual. Generally there is almost no suffering. He may recover, if he will act independently of his physicians. The agency named has cured thousands of persons even in the extreme stages—is to-day the mainstay of the health of hundreds of thousands. It is an unfortunate fact that physicians will not admit there is any virtue outside their own sphere, but as each school denies virtue to all others, the people act on their own judgment and accept things by the record of merit they make.

The facts are cause for alarm, but there is abundant hope in prompt and independent action.

A LADY in waiting on a queen never receives less than $50 per week, and in some cases $75 is the figure. They have to work more hours than the girl who runs the typewriter, but they have more cash to spend on false hair.

CONSIDERING all the countless charms and accomplishments with which Providence has endowed lovely woman it does sometime seem strange that He didn't bestow on her the faculty of doing up a bundle decently.

TEACHER—Johnnie, how many times will nine go in twelve?"

Johnnie—"Once."

Teacher—"And how many over?"

Johnnie—"Three. Two change pitchers and a change catcher.

CROESUS BUCKWORTHY, Sr. (to Ruskin de Vere, art critic)—"Now, that's what I call a fine picture; shows remarkable talent. My daughter painted that, sir, and I wouldn't take $200 for it. Why, the paint alone cost $150."

A WRITER asks: "Why does the modern woman tire so easily?" It is probably because the modern man imposes upon her more labor than he permits his horse to perform,

---

The hand-carving of wood for house finish and interior decoration is becoming a distinct and permanent branch of industry. For fine furniture the carving of wood has for a long time had a place, but there appears to be a prospect that to the joiners's shop and work will be added those of the carver as a means of finishing interiors. Foreign workmen at present comprise the larger part of the workers in this industry, but the attention of native workers has been directed to it, with the result of bringing it into general notice.

The cylindrograph is an instrument of French invention for taking panoramic photographs in connection with military surveying and the like. It is very simple in construction. A semicircular cylinder having a small lens in the centre moves on an axis, and it is provided with a dark slide of some material which will bend without breaking. When the view is to be take then lens is moved from one side of the landscape to the other. Rapidity of execution, rather than artistic effect, is the object aimed at.

"*An* ideally pure water," said Professor Willis G. Tucker in an address before the Albany institute, "should be clear, colorless, tasteless and odorless, though little such exists in nature, and these properties are not necessarily proof of purity. Water may be clear as crystal and yet carry typhoid fever from a hamlet on one side of a mountain to dwellers on the other side, as in the celebrated case at Lausanne, Switzerland."

French engineers, after long and repeated experiments in drying, painting, etc., inside and outside of, boilers to prevent decadence when not in use, have decided as follows: "A steam boiler which is about to be unused for a time should be throughly cleaned, and, instead of drying, should be filled quite full of water."

"Love Sees No Faults,"

it has been said; but, when a woman is dragged down, emaciated, wan, and a shadow of her former self, with never a cheerful word, she can be no longer beautiful or lovable. Nature may have been generous in her gifts, and endowed her with all the charms of her sex, but disease has crept in unawares and stolen the roses from her cheeks, the lustre from her eye, and the sunshine from her heart. But to be well again lies in your own power. Take Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," it will cure you; thousands have been cured by it. Nothing equals it for all the painful maladies and weaknesses peculiar to women. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

There is no duty that is not to be seasoned and set off with cheerfulness.

The great diaphoretic and anodyne, for colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks, is Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed; also, cures colic, cramps, cholera morbus, diarrhœa and dysentery, or bloody-flux. Only 50 cents.

As every thread of gold is valued, so is every minute of time.

---

* * * * A disease of so delicate a nature as stricture of the urethra should only be entrusted to those of large experience and skill. By our improved methods we have been enabled to speedily and permanently cure hundreds of the worst cases. Pamphlet, references and terms, three letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.

"The Best is the Cheapest."

This is an old adage and the essence of wisdom. The best medicine, and the only *sure cure* for diseases of the liver, kidneys and bladder is the old and reliable HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. Physicians endorse it highly and prescribe it in their practice.

"I have been dreadfully tronbled with diseases of the kidneys and liver during the past six months. HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has made me a new man" Isaac W. Fairbrother, Providence, R. I.

One reason why diseases of the bladder and urinary organs are so difficult to cure is that they frequently have no pronounced symptoms. HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY is peculiarly adapted to the cure of these complaints, and goes at once to the seat of the trouble giving relief at once.

If anyone speaks ill of you let your life be such that no one will believe it.

St. Bernard Vegetable Pills.

WARRANTED PURELY VEGETABLE. The best cure for Liver and Bilious Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia. As a Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine they have no equal. No family should be without a box of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills in the house. Price 25 cents at Druggists, or by mail. Sample sent FREE. Address P. NEUSTAEDTER & CO., 58 Mercer St., New York.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters conquers and prevents malarial fevers, dyspepsia, chronic constipation, a tendency to kidney and bladder ailments and rheumatism, and is of the greatest value in cases of bodily trouble arising from weakness. Old people are greatly aided by it, and it is highly serviceable to convalescents and ladies in delicate health. It is moreover, a useful medicine to take with one on long journeys, and counteracts the effects of mental exhaustion.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Has st cases; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cures. Main Office, 931 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.; at 1722 North Fifth St., 6 to 9 P. M., — Sundays

MONEY $10 TO $20 A DAY made with outfits for manufacturing Stencils, Key Checks and Rubber Stamps. Catalogue free. S. M. SPENCER, 112 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

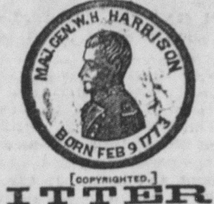
KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

WARNER'S TIPPECANOE

THE BEST

[COPYRIGHTED].

TONIC



[COPYRIGHTED.]

BITTERS.

THE CAMPAIGN TOKEN OF 1840

ASK THE OLD FOLKS WHAT IT MEANS.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N.Y.

FOR

ALL WEAKNESSES

OF INDIGESTION,

$1.00 A BOTTLE.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

PROF. J. Q. ADAMS, South Syracuse, N. Y., recommends Warner's TIPPECANOE, The Best, in the strongest terms for dyspepsia and stomach disorder.

For Toning up the System, No Superior,

$1.00 A BOTTLE.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

J. H. DENIO, Esq. of Albion, N. Y., years ago was taken with stomach disorder, sleeplessness, melancholy, headaches, etc. He gave up his business and resorted to farming in the hope that out-of-door exercise would restore him. He exhausted all the known means of the best physicians in vain. In 1884 began taking Warner's TIPPECANOE, The Best, and in March, 1885, he stated that his health was better than it had been for years, and that no medicine he knew of or had ever heard of equalled Warner's TIPPECANOE, The Best, for stomach disorders.

PINKEYE.

CURE of SMITH, Nashville, Tenn.

A REMARKABLE

I had a valuable horse taken with the pinkeye, resulting in blood poison. After nine months of doctoring with all the remedies to be found in horse books, I despaired of a cure. His right hind leg was as large as a man's body, and had on it over forty running sores. At last I thought of Swift's Specific. I used fifteen bottles. In August last all symptoms of the disease disappeared. There have been no signs of a return, and the horse has done a mule's work on my farm ever since. JAS. L. FLEMING, Augusta, Ga. January 9, 1885.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 159 W. 23d St., N. Y.

RIDGE'S FOOD

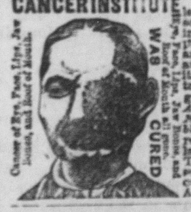
INVALUABLE IN SICKNESS.

In all cases of dysentery or any bowel complaints, Ridge's Food should be adopted as the dietetic. It is perfectly safe, being neutral in its action upon the bowels, and is easily assimilated. Moreover, it will be retained where everything else fails.

TO LADIES! I will send FREE OF CHARGE the recipe of a New Discovery and Preparation for BEAUTIFYING, ENLARGING and DEVELOPING the BUST on condition that after its successful use you will recommend it to your friends. Address DR. LEONARD DAUCHY, Sandusky, Ohio.

OPIUM HABIT. Sure cure in 10 to 20 days. Sanitarium treatment, or medicines by express, 15 years established. Books free. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

CANCER INSTITUTE. Prof. Kline, by his lectures, investigations, scientific treatments and immense practice, stands pre-eminently unrivaled, and is acknowledged authority on Cancer and its kindred. The most extraordinary cures by his great Chemical Cancer Antidotes are recorded. No knife, caustics, loss of blood or painful treatments required in removing the largest of Cancers or Tumors. For particulars, send for free treating circular on DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.



QUICK sales, and 200 per ct. profit made by men and women with our labor-saving invention. A lady cleared $20 in one street. An agent writes: "Your Plan brings money quickest of any I ever tried." Any man or woman making less than $40 per week should try our easy money-making business. We guarantee it the best paying in the land. $1 samples quickly selling goods free to any lady or gent who will devote a few hours daily. Experience unnecessary; no talking. Write quick and secure your county. Address, B. Q. Merrill & Co. Chicago

CIDER MACHINERY Send for our New 1885 CATALOGUE FREE Mailed Boschert & Boomer Press Co., Syracuse, N.Y.

STAMPING. Send us a stamp and we will send you instructions for stamping on Plush, Velvet, Felt, etc., so it will not rub off. Send us 15c., and we will send also BIG BOOK of 1743 Designs for Stamping and Fancy Work. T. E. PARKER, Lynn, Mass.

Pensions to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

Is used by thousands of first class Manufacturers and Mechanics on their best work. Received GOLD MEDAL, London, '83. Pronounced strongest glue known. Send card of dealer who does not keep it, with five 2c stamps for SAMPLE CAN FREE

Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Made only by the Frazer Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N. Y. & St. Louis. Sold everywhere.

THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER

Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

Blair's Pills, Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, $1.00; round, 50 cts.

FIVE HUNDRED VIRGINIA FARMS FOR SALE. Mills, Stores, Homes, Lots, Mineral and Timber Lands. J. F. WINGFIELD & KELSEY, Insurance and Real Estate Agents, Liberty, Va

PATENTS OBTAINED for inventors. Circulars free. H. B. Stout & Co., Patent Att'ys, Washington, D.C.

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for Inventors' Guide. L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester GUARDIAN, June 8th, 1883, says: At one of the

"Windows"

Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of rhododendroms and great masses of May blossoms!!! "There was an interesting group.

It included one who had been a "Cotton spinner," but was now so

Paralyzed!!!

That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position.

This refers to my case.

I was Attacked twelve years ago with "Locomoter Ataxy"

(A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely evercured) and was for several years barely able to get about.

And for the last Five years not able to attend to my business, although

Many things have been done for me. The last experiment being Nerve stretching. Two years ago I was voted into the

Home for Incurables! Near Manchester, in May, 1882.

I am no "Advocate;" "For anything in the shape of patent" Medicines?

And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her—

Consented!!

I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3d. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room companions, "I was sure I could.

"Walk!

So started across the floor and back.

I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the house. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe without any

"Stick!"

Or Support.

I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again. I have been a member of the Manchester

"Royal Exchange"

For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going into the room on Thursday last. Very gratefully yours, JOHN BLACKBURN, MANCHESTER (Eng.) Dec. 24, 1883.

Two years later am perfectly well.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

M. Follett, a Brooklyn mechanic, has invented a wonderful sewing machine, which, it is claimed, will do eighty per cent. more work than any machine now in the market. An experiment with steam power moved it with a speed of 2,200 stitches in a minute, and was started and stopped instantly. It is simple in construction, is easily operated, and sews all kinds of fabrics, from leather to fine linen.

The largest deposits of salt on the Pacific coast are found in Nevada, according to the *Scientific American*. The most remarkable of these deposits is that on the Rio Virgen, a few miles north or the Colorado river, in the extreme southern corner of that State. A formation occurs at this point consisting of rock salt, resting on, and to some extent intermixed with, a sedimentary granite, and of such magnitude that it may be said to constitute a notable portion of the mountain itself.

It has been observed in Russia that extreme cold converts tin into a semi-crystaline mass containing large cavities. In one instance the pipes of a church organ were so altered by cold as to be no longer sonorous.

THE PEOPLES' VEGETABLE TONIC, VINEGAR BITTERS, is playing the mischief with the Devil's beverages, fired up with cheap rum. All the diseases which those demoniac nostrums aggravate under pretence of relieving, such as Indigestion, Sick Headache, Constipation, Rheumatism, Gout, Pulmonary affections, and Fevers, are cured by this Great Herbal Antidote.

Dent ware is the ugliest but the most sought for table service at the present moment.

So Say We All of Us.

The greatest beauty seen
Of womankind so rare,
Is when she uses Carboline
To beautify her hair.

Blue canton-ware, so long a favorite, is again used by those who have it in their chins closets.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Elegant table scarves are made of India silk, with a wide netted border and fringe, with ball finish.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

Do you want to grow salt, and at the same time have an interesting, handsome ornament? The proceeding is a novel chemical experiment that may be tried by anyone. Put in a goblet one tablespoonful of salt and one spoonful of blueing. Fill the goblet two-thirds full of water, and set in a position where it will have plenty of warmth and sunlight. In a little while sparkling crystals will commence forming outside of the glass, and it is both a novel and interesting sight to watch it gradually growing, day by day, until the outside of the goblet is entirely covered with beautiful white crystals. Another variation of this beautiful experiment would be to take a goblet with the base broken off, and fasten it in the centre of a thin piece of board, which may be round, square or oblong. After the crystals have formed on the glass, set it on a tiny wall bracket and place a bright holiday or birthday card in front of it; this will hide the base, on which no crystals will form. After this is done fill the goblet with flowers or dried grasses, and you will have a vase which will cost comparatively little.

The magnitude of the slate industry in this country can be imagined when it is stated that the total amount produced of roofing slate alone is 500,000 squares per year. A "square" is about 100 square feet, or sufficient to cover a space 10x10 feet when laid on the roof. It covers the same area as 1,000 shingles

---

Improvement in Chimneys.—The best chimneys are made by inclosing hard baked glazed pipes in a thin wall of bricks. Such chimneys will not only draw better than those made in the usual way, but there will be less danger from defective flues. A four inch brick wall between us and destruction by fire is a frail barrier, especially if the work is carelessly done, or the mortar has crumbled from the joints. To build the chimneys with double, or eight inch walls, makes them very large, more expensive, and still not as good as when they contain the smooth round flues. To leave an air chamber between them for ventilating is better than to open directly into the smoke flue, because it will not impair the draught for the fire, and there will be no danger of a sooty odor in the room when the circulation happens to be downward, as it will occasionally. The outside chimney, if there is one, should have an extra air chamber between the very outer wall and the back of the fire-place to save heat, a precaution, that removes to a great extent, the common objection to such chimneys. A very large per cent. of fires come from defective flues.

A project is on foot for establishing a pneumatic tube between Brussels and Paris. The time letters and cards will take in transmission by this method is estimated at half an hour. It is also proposed to make parallel tubes connecting London and the French capital, the time of transmission in this case being a full hour, and the total cost to get them into working order is set down as under 5,000 pounds sterling. If these tubes act without getting clogged the telegraph revenue may expect to fall off, and the policy of running new lines in the metropolitan district on account of the new sixpenny messages will be questioned.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall,

Rheumatism

We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to 1883 I found no relief, but grew worse, and at one time was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had." H. T. BALCOM, Shirley Village, Mass.

"I had rheumatism three years, and got no relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done great things for me. I recommend it to others." LEWIS BURBANK, Biddeford, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion;* 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strongly my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

PENNYROYAL "CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH" The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always reliable. Beware of Worthless Imitations. "Chichester's English" are the best made. Indispensable TO LADIES. Inclose 4c. (stamps) for particulars, testimonials, etc., in letter sent you by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2807 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa. PILLS!

WORMS In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S WORM SYRUP! INFALLIBLE An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

MORPHINE Chloral and Opium Habits EASILY CURED. BOOK FREE. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN. Jefferson, Wisconsin

ASTHMA Samples of Dr. R. W. Read's Celebrated Asthma Relief sent free to all who apply. It is also an excellent remedy for Coughs, Colds and Catarrh. 50c. and $1.00 packages sent by mail.

AND

CATARRH Manufacturer and Proprietor, A. ETHRIDGE, Rome, N. Y.

VICOR For Men. Quick, sure, safe. Book free. Ortolo Agency, 180 Fulton St., New York.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE — FREE FROM — ALCOHOL

PURELY — DR. WALKER'S — CALIFORNIA

VINEGAR BITTERS

No other medicine known so effectually purges the blood of deep-seated diseases.

Millions bear testimony to its wonderful curative effects.

It is a purely Vegetable Preparation, made from the native herbs and roots of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol.

It removes the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health.

It is the great Blood Purifier and Life-giving Principle; a Gentle Purgative and Tonic; a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to.

The Alterative, Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Anti-Bilious, Solvent, Diuretic and Tonic properties of VINEGAR BITTERS exceed those of any other medicine in the world.

No person can take the BITTERS according to directions and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

Bilious, Remittent, Intermittent and Malarial Fevers, are prevalent throughout the United States, particularly in the valleys of our great rivers and their vast tributaries during the Summer and Autumn, especially during seasons of unusual heat and dryness.

These Fevers are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these organs, is absolutely necessary.

There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as it will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus forearmed.

It Invigorates the Stomach and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render it of unequaled efficiency in cleansing the blood of all impurities, imparting new life and vigor to the frame, and carrying off without the aid of Calomel, or other mineral medicine, every particle of poisonous matter from the system.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous or Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS has shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, the Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Typesetters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like the Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, this Bitters has no equal.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle is a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Around each bottle are full directions printed in different languages.

R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO., Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal., and 528, 530 & 532 Washington St., Cor. Charlton St., New York.

Sold by all Dealers and Druggists.

BAUGH'S TRADE MARK $25 PHOSPHATE

Contains the Life and Essence of Animal Bones. We are selling Baugh's strictly Pure Raw Bone Meal, also Baugh's Ready Dissolved Pure Animal Bones, at very Low Prices. It would surprise farmers to know how very low they can procure these brands direct from us. Send your name and address, and we will mail you our Phosphate Guide. BAUGH & SONS, 20 So. Del. Ave. Philada., Pa.

25 426

CLIMAX Brand Navy Cut CHEW

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a red tin tag; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

TO A FRIEND

who is suffering from

Boils and Carbuncles,

no better advice can be given than to try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Copyrighted.

ORLANDO SNELL, *132 Ford st., Lowell, Mass.*, was terribly afflicted with Carbuncles on the back of his neck. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured the Carbuncles, and has kept him free from them.

F. P. COGGESHALL, *Bookseller, Lowell*, says: I have been taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for an impurity of the blood, which manifests itself in troublesome Boils and Eruptions, and can truly say that I have never found any medicine so prompt and certain in curative effect. It has done me great good.

LEANDER J. MCDONALD, *Soley St., Charlestown, Mass.*, testifies: One year ago I suffered greatly from Boils and Carbuncles, and for nearly two months was unable to work. A druggist advised me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I purchased. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was entirely cured, and have remained well ever since.

For all diseases originating in impure blood take

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., JULY 15, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

Garmans.

BUSH'S ARCADE, *Bellefonte, Pa.*, 1885.

Tremendous bargains for the next month as our stock must be reduced:

Beautiful styles in Plaid and Check neckwear or men at 25 cents.
All the nobby styles in hats.
Hosiery and handkerchiefs in many styles.
Beautiful Fans and Parasols.
Satins, Plush and Felt for fancy work.
Lace Curtains (30 styles) from $1 to $5 a pair.
Portiere from $5 to $15.
Curtain Poles from 40 cents to $1 a pair.
Children's Lace Caps.
Ornaments for Fancy Work were 9c, now 6.
Yard wide unbleached muslin, 7c quality now 5.

DRESS GOODS.

40 inch Coupure Cloth was 42c, now 35c.
36 inch Colored Cashmere was 33c, now 27c.
Lot of Plaid and Brocade Goods were 10c, now 8c.
A great many pieces of Dress Ginghams were 12½c, now 10.
Brocade Velvets were 80c, now far below cost at 48c.
Plaids were 37½c, now 28.
Albatross was 22c, now 15c—Light Pink, Blue and Cream.
White, Pink and Blue Embroidered Dress Patterns below cost.
Table Linen at a bargain.
A large size 24 inch Handkerchief for Farmers at 6 cents.
Call Early and Examine the above Goods.

D. GARMAN & SON.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Examine our fish and prices—Lewis, Bellefonte. 8jul2t

——Cool weather on Monday with sprinkling of rain.

——Headquarters for clothing at J. D. Long & Son's, Spring Mills.

——Our farmers are busy harvesting grain. Some began the middle of last week.

——Read the advertisement of the new remedy for headache—"Cardine Compound."

——Monday night we had a heavy rain all night, which soaked the ground thoroughly.

——Lake herring, shad, pickrel, white fish, etc., at Lewis' grocery, Humes' block, Bellefonte. 8jul2t

——Some fellow went for Samuel Slack's granary the other day, and helped himself to a lot of wheat.

——Trout fishing hereafter begins on the 15th of April and ends July 15th. A good change in the law.

Oriental flour—full roller process—sold at Spigelmyer's store, Millheim. Ask your storekeeper for it.

——George N. Hale, a son of Judge Jas. T. Hale, died at Coatsville, Pa., and was buried at Bellefonte on the 30th ult.

——A fellow from Snyder county says that the Lewisburg centennial was a fraud—that Ludwig Derr was not there at all.

——Reduction in prices on dry goods, groceries, clothing, etc., to suit the times. Call and see them at J. D. Long & Son's, Spring Mills.

——Rev. Chas. Steck will be the new pastor of the Bellefonte Lutheran charge, and will preach his first sermon there next Sabbath.

——The mason work on the new Lutheran church is going on rapidly under the management of Mr. Noll, assisted by Mr. Stewart, two good masons.

——Merchant tailoring in all its branches done at the Philad. Branch. A tailor of long experience superintends all work, and utmost satisfaction guaranteed. tf.

——The report of a child being killed at Lewisburg on the Fourth, by a blow from a drunken man, seems to have been unfounded. We published it as we got it last week.

——Dr. George Moyer, of Mercer county, is here on a visit to relatives, and gave us a call. The doctor is a native of Haines township, and is enjoying a lucrative practice.

——There is no certainty yet when the Bellefonte branch of our railroad will be operated by running trains. The officers of the road have not yet decided upon this point.

——Stover's marble yard, at Bellefonte, is spreading its trade and getting orders from distant places. The fine work put out from there and the low prices account for it.

——Rev. Barr, of Huntingdon county, preached for the Presbyterians last Sabbath. His sermons are marked with thoughtfulness. He is a brother of Mrs. J. C. Boal, of this place.

——Prof. Hosterman advertises the opening of the fall term of the Spring Mills Academy. The Professor needs no recommendation, from us—his efficiency as an instructor is too well known.

——The next session of the Mifflinburg Music School will open August 10. Instruction given on vocal culture, harmony, piano, organ, violin and guitar. Miss Kate L. Shriner is principal. 8j'13t

——Mr. Daniel Bartges, of Gregg township, called upon the REPORTER. He informed us that many farmers fear that this year's wheat will be somewhat shrivelled in the grain, caused by the drout'.

——An Ohio man drank twelve barrels of cider last winter and won enough on the wager to pay his funeral expenses. The cider was given to him for nothing, and his nativity prevented him from refusing it.

——Nicholas Swartz writes us from Stevenson county, Ill.: "All crops are in good condition, except wheat, which will not be half a crop. We have just enough rain to make everything grow finely, and no storms this season."

——The dry spell has already put some farmers out of water, their cisterns and wells falling. They generally fall back upon the Centre Hall water works in such an emergency, some coming here a distance of three miles for water.

——Mr. M. Shires' select school opens on Monday, the 20th inst., at Centre Hall. Parents will find him a competent instructor in all the higher branches, and Centre Hall a pleasant and suitable place for their sons and daughters to go to school.

——Thursday of last week was an uncomfortably warm day—the breeze even was warm. At 12:50 the thermometer stood at 95°. Towards evening a thunder gust arose, and there were heavy showers during the night, all of which were needed by the corn and potato patches and the parched pasture fields.

——Thomas J. Dunkle, ex-sheriff, is likely to get the appointment of deputy collector of internal revenue. He was an applicant for the Bellefonte postmastership. Nelse Lucas will be a page in one of the departments at Washington. D. W. Woodring is to be storekeeper at Haag's distillery. Drs. Harris and Seibert, of Bellefonte, and Dr. Fisher, of Zion, to be a board of examiners for pensioners.

——The telephone polls are now going up between Centre Hall and Penn Hall, and the line will soon be in talking order. The subscribers are Major Fisher, William Allison, G. A. Runk, Dr. Van Valzah and I. J. Grenoble. The superintendent says there is no certainty about the extension to Millheim, for all of which we are sorry, as we would like to hello to our friends down there too.

——Selinsgrove has voted to have water works, and agreed to pay $1,200 per year for the use of thirty fire plugs and the company to have the water rent from citizens besides. Huntingdon has also contracted for water works and agrees to pay $40 per year for each fire plug and families pay extra for using water. At Centre Hall the water company furnishes the water plugs free of charge.

——Pickpockets took in the Fourth at Lewisburg, and had a pretty good harvest. The *Journal* says: There must have been a gang of pickpockets in town on the Fourth. Among those who had money taken from their pockets was Mr. Philip Billmeyer, who lost about $700 in money and notes. A lady had $25 taken, two professors from New Berlin lost a small sum, ex-Sheriff Heller, from near Montandon, had his pocket book taken on the train, and there were no doubt many others.

——Speaking of the recent shooting at Northumberland, the Sunbury *Democrat* of last week says: Cox discharged Jump about six weeks previous to the shooting. At that time they had an altercation, Jump getting Cox by the throat, when Cox called on Bright, his bar-tender, for assistance. Jump shook both of them. At that time Cox ordered Jump never to enter his house again. Cox claims that the shooting was in self-defense, as he claims that Jump made threats against him, and he was in fear of his life. This is the reason he claims he fired. He also claims that Jump was attempting to enter the house a second time, when he drew his pistol. He has retained as his counsel J. Nevin Hill, Senator Wolverton, Hon. A. H. Dill and Hon. Charles S. Wolfe, of Lewisburg.

DEATH ON WITCHES.

Gregg township has a man who believes in witches as firmly as a pig does in acorns. Every mishap about his affairs he can trace to the old hag on a broomstick, and he has remedies to head off the mysterious lady in her evil designs upon his animals, some of which are as ludicrous as they are superstitious for this age. The sides of his stable will be penetrated all over with pitchfork marks to drive out the witch and prevent her from causing the cow to give bloody milk. Live coals from corn cobs put in the animals mouth will release the cow from the spell of the witch. His dead sheep he can trace as clearly to the mischief of Shakespeare's hag as a boy knows in which pocket he has his last chew of tobacco.

With the arts that our hero has for heading off witches in their hideous torments, we suppose these maids astride the broomsticks have as great a dread of him as he has of them, for they keep him from sleep at nights and on the war-path by day, lest they get in a lick on him by putting Old Nick into one of his cows, making a poor blaw sheep kick the bucket or spoil his luck in some other way. While perfectly booked on witches, and their power and how to steal a march on these dames of the air, all from native instinct, and without having booked himself on Salem witchcraft, and the stake as a remedy, the subject of this article considers himself highly favored in the powers he alone is gifted with to make the midnight broomstick brigade keep shy of his pitchfork thrusts, hot coals, and sich, and the way in which he can give the "hexe" sheol is a treat to hear him tell.

SHE WAS PREPARED FOR EMERGENCIES.

A correspondent of the Hollidaysburg *Register*, writing under recent date from Portage, Cambria county, furnishes the following alleged facts: "On the 6th of June a daughter of Mr. Henry S. Heisel, of Blue Knob, Blair county, went on an errand to Ben's Creek, Cambria county, some distance away, and after remaining there for awhile she started on her return home. She was walking up the tram road, which is about three miles long and very lonely, when a young man came out of the woods which lined the road, and, approaching, asked her where she was going. She answered that she was going home. He said, "I don't think you are, miss:" She asked him why she couldn't go home. He replied, "Oh, because I intend to keep you here awhile," at the same time drawing a revolver from his pocket, but failing to raise the hammer. No sooner did he make this move than the girl also drew a revolver, cocking it at the same time, and, pointing it at him, ordered him to lay his pistol on the ground or she would shoot him. He did so immediately. She then made him walk in front of her for quite a distance, while she followed closely with a cocked revolver in each hand, having appropriated the one he had dropped. When she arrived within a short distance of her home she told the young scamp that if he would go on his knees and promise never to bother her again, she would let him off. He gladly obeyed her, while she kept him covered with the pistols. After promising faithfully to perform his part she allowed him to leave, watching him until he disappeared from view. She then shot the loads out of the revolver she had captured, and, with a stone, battered it up so that it could never be used again, after which she threw it away, and calmly wended her way home, where she arrived without further molestation. This brave girl is the daughter of Mr. Henry S. Heisel, who is a veteran of both the Mexican and late civil wars, and shows that she is possessed of the same courage as her soldier father."

——For dusters, seer-sucker coats and latest style summer suits, at 30 per cent below any other store, go to the Philad. Branch.

BELLFONTE LETTER.

Bellefonte, July 11.—The appointment of Dr. Dobbins as postmaster came unexpected and to the dismay of most of the applicants, yet people generally were looking for a surprise, and, I must say, to many it was an agreeable surprise. There were many worthy men as applicants, it is true, but some had been served, and may again got a crumb; but Dr. Dobbins' good democracy and social standing, without ever getting any position as a reward for his services, make his appointment strike our people without any regrets, and the REPORTER'S endorsement last week was in accord with public sentiment.

It often seemed to me that Centre county should have at least one independent paper that would speak out at all times against abuses, without fear of party or other powers. We need a paper like the Philadelphia *Times* or New York *Sun*, to tell the people when there's wrong going on, and when cliques and factions are plotting for plunder and to serve favorites. One source of discontent with men of both parties is that what are termed "boys," young and inperienced fledglings, are too much entrusted with the party management, and given offices, while the ripe and experienced men stand aloof or are set aside. What we need are men for leaders and boys to follow.

The opening of the railroad to Lemont is looked forward to with great interest by our business men here. We expect trains to run inside of two weeks and an increase of trade to follow.

The court house is being touched up by the painters.

General Blair is extremely happy over the appointment of Dr. Dobbins as postmaster.

Governor Curtin being home, he is much sought after by fellows who want appointments.

It was not until the other day that Judge Furst knew that a Centre Hall individual boasted of carrying him in his vest pocket and controlled him in the appointment of constables. This a good joke on the judge, only the boaster's man was appointed solely on the recommendation of another individual, and this is a good joke on the boaster.

The Democratic majority in our county having been filed down to a dangerous margin, no more "monkeying with the buzz-saw" must be indulged in, if we do not wish to be driven from power. The party came near committing hari-kari last fall, and must take warning from the lesson taught.

The next local nomination will be for a district attorney. An important place, really, yet often fooled away upon an unimportant and incompetent man. It must be admitted that Mr. Heinle filled the position well.

FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS.

——Fish for harvest, the cheapest ever offered, at Lewis' grocery, Bellefonte:

Lake Herring	½ Barrel		$4 00
Lake Herring	⅓ do		2 75
Lake Shad	⅓ do		3 00
"	⅓ do		2 00
Lake Pickrel	⅓ do		2 25
White Fish	⅓ do		3 25
Mackerel	⅓ do		2 50
"	Kits		75

SHOOTS HERSELF.

Philadelphia, Jdly 9.—The report of a pistol rang out at No. 1203 Deacon street this morning. Then two girls ran wildly out into the street, shrieking "Murder!" A policeman ran into the house, and in the third story front room he found a girl lying on the floor gasping for breath. Blood was flowing from a wound in her head. In one hand she held a pistol. Before a physician could reach the spot she was dead. She was Carrie Evans, and she had killed herself from jealousy. The two girls who ran into the street were Phoebe Evans, her sister, and Miss Mortimer, a friend living in the neighborhood. Carrie was only fifteen years old. The brother, who went away early this morning, left his pistol in a bureau drawer. Carrie began to toy with the pistol, and when her sister expostulated she laughed and said: "I am not afraid." She then inserted some cartridges in the chambers. When Miss Mortimer came in, almost the first words she said were: "I want to show you something," and held out her hand. On the engagement finger was a ring.

"Who gave it to you?" the Evans girls asked.

"Tony," said Miss Mortimer, repeating the name of a young man who had been devoted in his attentions to Carrie Evans, and who had promised to marry her.

Carrie turned pale at the proof of her lover's perfidy. She uttered a short cry, her lips quivered, and she could hardly control herself enough to ask in a husky voice: "Did Tony give it to you?" Then her hand moved mechanically toward the pistol, which lay on a table beside her.

Miss Mortimer saw the movement, and started to her feet, saying: "To be sure he did."

Carrie grasped the pistol and cocked it. Then springing to her feet she held the weapon out at arms' length, and said: "Then I'll shoot you."

Miss Mortimer and Phoebe ran screaming from the room, and as they disappeared through the door they heard Carrie cry: "Then if I can't shoot you, I'll shoot myself."

There was a loud report, and the girl fell heavily to the floor. The ball had entered her head and lodged in the brain.

——The railroad officials seem inclined to open the railroad by an excursion, if the people are willing to patronize it at holiday rates. If arrangements are perfected it will be duly announced.

GOVERNOR PATTISON DISPOSING OF THE LEGISLATURE'S WORK.

Harrisburg, July 9.—At midnight tonight Governor Pattison completed his work of considering the measures of legislation left upon his table when the general assembly adjourned on June 12th. The constitution allows the governor thirty days in which to pass upon the bills unconsidered by him previous to the adjournment. This year the great majority of the bills were passed during the last week of the session. At the time of adjournment there were left on the governor's table 315 bills. Of these 216 were signed and 99 vetoed. Between noon and midnight to-day 20 bills were signed and 57 vetoed. Separate messages were written for each of the vetoed bills, and the work was all performed by Governor Pattison and ex-State Senator Gordon. Previous to the adjournment the governor had vetoed 17 bills, making the total vetoes for the session 116, or just 100 less than the total number of bills signed. The record made in the matter of despatch of business and in the total vetoes is unprecedented in the history of the state.

SPLINTERED BY A CYCLONE.

Buildings and Trees in the Northwest Made Into Kindling Wood.

Monticello, Minn., July 9.—A cyclone passed north of this place last night. The track of the storm was about five miles distant and an ominous-looking cloud was watched by about every one in town. The cloud was of a greenish hue and funnel-shaped, and danced across the prairie, now tearing up the dirt and again raising some distance in the air. A house between Big Lake and Becker was struck and nothing was left to tell where it stood, pieces of timber and furniture being scattered along the prairie. The only thing that was discovered near the place that was recognizable, was a bundle of knives and forks, which were found three hundred feet distant. Some distance further on a gentleman named Magee was driving in a buggy. He saw the storm coming and hastened into the shelter of a clump of small trees. Near the trees, and between them and the storm was a knoll, which perhaps saved his life, as the cloud elevated and passed directly over him without doing any harm. In the cloud he could see pieces of timber and wreckage whirling about, but his account is rather meagre and he admits that he was too frightened to pay much attention to anything. About five hundred yards further on an old stable was lifted from the ground and carried away, but the house standing near by was unharmed. A little child who was in the yard was picked up and carried some distance, but landed near a fence, unharmed. Reports are slow in coming in, but so far no deaths have been reported.

Milwaukee, Wis., July 9.—A tornado passed entirely across the state, diagonally from northwest to southeast, today. At Sparta, which city appears to have been the greatest sufferer, the storm raged for over an hour, during the greater part of which time the air was filled with falling trees and flying debris. Although no lives were lost many narrow escapes are reported from falling buildings. Court street is a scene of desolation. Buildings are wrecked on every hand, shade trees torn from their roots, sidewalks demoralized and fences blown down. Several fine residences and a number of those less pretentious are a mass of ruins. Further than to place it well up in the thousands of dollars no estimate of the loss at that point is made.

At Plainfield the storm was the most terrible ever known. A large number of buildings were blown down or unroofed and freight cars were smashed into splinters. Port Edwards, in Wood county, had a planing mill, store and five dwellings blown out of sight, lumber yards scattered to the winds and other property injured. The loss will aggregate $10,000. In Rock county buildings suffered to quite an extent, the principal damage being to tobacco sheds. About Edgerton more than two hundred tobacco sheds were demolished. Houses, barns and other buildings suffered a like fate and considerable live stock was killed. A new Catholic church, a flax mill, residences and barns were destroyed. At Appleton and about Stoughton, the scene of the great tobacco warehouse fire of last Sunday, tobacco sheds, houses and barns were demolished and a large number of horses and cattle killed. From scores of small towns reports of the storm's destruction are received, but very few estimates of the actual loss are made. In many places where the destruction by wind was not severe great damage was done by lightning.

COOL CHICAGO BURGLARS.

Answering a Call at the Door While Robbing the Occupant of $1,000.

Chicago, July 9.—The most daring and adroitly executed robbery that has taken place in Chicago for a good many years, was committed yesterday afternoon at No. 50 Eldrege court, the residence of Thomas Smith, head draughtsman in the employ of the Dearborn foundry, 1525 Dearborn street. Mr. Smith is in receipt of a good salary, and although a lessee of a box in the vaults of the Union and Safe Deposit company, it has been his practice for some time past to trust a large portion of his earnings with his wife. When her husband went to work after dinner she was left alone in their rooms, which include all of the apartments on the first floor. A ring at the bell called Mrs. Smith to the front door. Two men dressed as mechanics were standing there. They introduced themselves as plumbers sent by the landlord. Mrs. Smith, unsuspicious, led the way to the kitchen. She stood by the door as the first one entered, and, after waiting a moment, turned to let the second man pass. As she turned he struck her a terrible blow with his fist, which caused her to fall on her knees. Before she had time to cry out her assailant's fingers were fastened on her neck; then the other man drew a long rope from a sack which he carried, and proceeded to bind her feet and hands. A towel was drawn tightly across her neck and both ends tied together back of her head. The robbers then tore open the bosom of Mrs. Smith's dress and got hold of a wallet containing $1,000.

Suddenly the door bell rang and one of the fellows coolly answered the summons. Mr. Timothy and wife, friends of the Smiths, had stopped to make a call. While one of the robbers held Mrs. Smith on the floor, with his hand pressed on her mouth to prevent her uttering a sound, the other informed the visitors that Mrs. Smith was ill and unable to see any visitors. Then he closed and locked the door. Then the robbers quietly left the house, leaving Mrs. Smith upon the floor, bound hand and foot, and almost dead from fright. She managed to loosen the bands about her wrists and dragged herself to the front door. A passer-by was informed of what had taken place and the police were notified. They have obtained no clue and have not been able to accomplish anything. Mrs. Smith has been prostrated by the shock. She is now seriously ill.

A WALKING SKELETON.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to a *walking skeleton*. Got a trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles I found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of forty-eight pounds." Call at J. Zeller & Son's drug store, Bellefonte, and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all lung diseases. Large bottles, $1.

HOW OIL PIPES ARE CLEANED.

The pipes by which petroleum is transported from the oil regions to the seaboard are cleaned by means of a stem two and a half feet long, having at its front end a diaphragm made of wings, which can fold on each other and thus enable it to pass an obstruction it cannot remove. This machine carries a set of steel scapers, somewhat like those used in cleaning boilers. It is put into the pipes and propelled by the pressure transmitted from the pumps from one station to another. Relays of men follow the scraper by the noise it makes in its progress, one party taking up the pursuit as the other is exhausted. They must not let it get out of their hearing, for if it stops unnoticed its location can only be established by cutting the pipe.

SPRING MILLS ACADEMY.—The summer term of this school will begin on Monday, July 27th. Those preparing to teach or to enter college will receive special attention. Boarding, $2.50 per week. Tuition, from $4 to $8.

W. P. HOSTERMAN, Principal.

NEVER FAILS.

No instance of failure on record when Simmons' Regulator has been properly taken. It removes billious secretions, cures dyspepsia, constipation and sick headache, strengthens the kidneys and gently assists nature.

The Rev. William Stout, of Wiarton, Ont., states: "After being ineffectually treated by seventeen different doctors for scrofula and blood disease, I was cured by Burdock Blood Bitters." Write him for proof.

Remarked by R. C. Joiner, of Allen P. O., Hillsdale county, Mich.: "Nothing gave me such quick relief as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Believe it infallible for rheumatics."

The three outlets of disease are the bowels, the skin and the kidneys. Regulate their action with the best purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters.

The Great Zingari Toothache Drops, for toothache and neuralgia, have no equal. Only cost 15 cents at any drug store. Warranted.

ONE DOSE

of McDonald's Great Blood Purifier or Sarsaparilla Alterative is guaranteed to contain more alterative properties, more truly remedial power than three doses of any other known alterative or blood purifier. Many other blood remedies are good enough in their way, only that you are compelled to buy a gallon of medicine to get a pint of remedy; the manufacturer having sacrificed strength and usefullness to palatability and profit. McDonald's Blood Purifier is put up in 75 cent bottles containing as much as most dollar bottles of other makes. Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia Agents.

LET THEM AWAY.

We mean the horrible, nauseous worm-seed compounds called worm syrups and virmifuges; many of them as worthless as they are obnoxious. They have outlived their usefulness. People do not want them since McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders, so easy and pleasant to take, can be had from any dealer. Everyone who has tried them say they are the nicest and best vermifuge ever discovered. Their children take them and never know a medicine is being administered. Any case of failure to cause expulsion where worms exist the money promptly refunded in every instance.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co, Philadelphi Agents.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court, there will be offered at public sale, on the premises, in Potter twp., on THURSDAY, August 6, 1885, the real estate belonging to the estate of Michael Spicher, dec'd, consisting of two tracts, No. 1, being a Valuable farm situate about two mile west of Old Fort, and two miles from the Lewisb'g & Tyrone R. R., on the Boalsburg road, bounded by lands of George M. Boal, Leonard Rhone, and others, containing 113 ACRES and 38 perches, neat measure, thereon erected a 2-Story Stone Dwelling House, Bank barn, all necessary outbuildings, good Orchard of fruit, and a well of never failing water and two good cisterns thereon.

No. 2, adjoining the above, bounded by lands of Lafayette Neff, Love's heirs, Jacob Wagner, George M. Boal, and others, containing 102 ACRES and 6 perches, neat measure, and thereon erected a 2-Story Frame Dwelling house. The land is all under good fences and in the highest state of cultivation. Of the above tracts about 200 acres are clear, and about 15 acres are good oak timberland.

The above will be sold in two tracts or as a whole, as may best suit purchasers and parties interested. Sale to begin at 2 p. m.

Terms—Ten per cent cash when the property is knocked off, ⅓ of balance on confirmation of sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. JOHN & MICHAEL SPICHER, Ex'rs of Michael Spicher, Sr., deceased

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Charles Ripka, deceased, late of Gregg twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

WM. H. RIPKA, Globe Mills, Snyder Co.,
8jul6t A. C. RIPKA, Centre Hall, Pa.

CARDINE COMPOUND.

A NEW, SAFE AND RELIABLE REMEDY for the positive cure of Headache in its various forms, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Stomach and Kidney Disease. This remedy is to counteract the too prevalent habit of using MORPHIA, which is dangerous to life and must be abolished. This is just the remedy for weak women, suffering continually with headache, constipation, etc., and who need something to impart vigor to the general system. This is no cure-all, neither is it a so-called *patent nostrum*, but the prescription of a regular graduate. Has proved efficient in thousands of cases, and can be relied on as efficient and safe.

Ask your druggist for it. Price for large bottle, $1, or address DR. BURKHART, Collinsville, Butler County, Ohio.

WANTED.

ENERGETIC, PUSHING SALESMEN to sell all kinds of Nursery Stock. I guarantee steady employment, and to successful salesmen I pay as high as $100 per month and expenses. Apply immediately, giving age. R. B. KNIFFIN, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y. [Refer to this paper.] 6jul3aug

CAUTION.—Having this day bought at Constable's sale, the interest of J. K. From in all the barley, oats and corn growing on my farm in Harris twp., all persons are hereby cautioned against meddling with said property in any manner whatever. WM. H. GROH, 8jul3t Boalsburg.

TO OWNERS OF CATTLE.—All persons having cattle running at large in the Seven Mts., near Fisher's Gap, are requested to come and take the same from my premises. If not attended to within 5 days from this date such owners will find the same at the public house of David Ruhl, Potters Mills, with costs and damages to pay. WM. COLYER, 8jul3t Tusseyville.

Statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

The Committee in charge of the construction of the base and pedestal for the reception of this great work, in order to raise funds for its completion, have prepared a miniature statuette *six inches in height*—the statue bronzed; pedestal, nickel-silvered—which they are now delivering to subscribers throughout the United States at *One Dollar Each*.

This attractive souvenir and mantel or desk ornament is a *perfect fac-simile* of the model furnished by the artist.

The statuette in same metal, *twelve inches high*, at *Five Dollars Each*, delivered.

The designs of statue and pedestal are protected by United States patents, and the models can *only* be furnished by *this Committee*. Address, with remittance,

RICHARD BUTLER, Secretary, American Committee of the Statue of Liberty, No. 33 Mercer Street, New York.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, July 13, 1885.

BUTTER.			
Creamery, Penn'a, extra		19	20
" Western "		18	19
EGGS.			
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz	crates		14
" " " "	bbls	13½	14
Western, ex brands	" crates		13
LIVE POULTRY.			
Fowls, straight, nearby	per lb	12	13
" mixed "	"		12
" Western, straight	"		12
" " mixed	"	11	12
LIVE CALVES AND SHEEP.			
Calves, Del. & Md, prime	per lb	6	6½
" Fair to good	"	5	5½
" Common stock	"	3	4
Sheep, prime	"		4
Lambs, extra	"	7	7½
Live Cattle	"	5	6
Hogs, live	"	5½	6
Pigs, live	"	5	6
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.			
Apples, new	per bbl	$1 50	$2 00
Peaches, extra	peck crate	1 00	1 50
" fair	"	50	75
" fancy	per crate	2 00	3 00
New Potatoes, choice	per bbl		2 00
" fair	"	1 25	1 75
" culls	"	50	75
Watermelons	per 100	15 00	18 00
CHEESE.			
N Y Factory, choice		8	9
Ohio, fat, fine		7	8
HAY AND STRAW.			
Timothy, choice	per ton	$	18 00
" fair	"	15 00	16 00
Cat Hay	"		23 00
Rye Straw	"		22 00
Wheat Straw	"	10 00	11 00
Oat Straw	"	10 00	11 00
SEEDS.			
Timothy	per bu	1 70	1 75
Clover	per lb	8	9½
Flax	per bu		1 82
FEATHERS.			
Choice Geese	per lb	48	50
Prime "	"	45	50
Chicken	"	4	5
HIDES.			
Hides, Dry	per lb	10	11
Calf, Salted	"	12	13
Hides, Green, Steer	"	5½	6
" " Cow	"	5	5½
" " Bull	"	4	4½
" Salted Steer	"	7½	8
" " Cow	"	7	7½
Sheep Skins, per piece		25	75
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb	7	7¾
Tallow, Solid	"		5
" Cake	"		5½
Honey in Comb	"	10	11
Country Soap	"	4½	5

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuations.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, July 13, 1885.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn		47¾	—88¾
Wheat	"	85¾	—87¾
Oats	"	31¾	—46¾
Pork	"	9.75	—32¾
Lard	"	6.42½	—6.60

SAMUEL WHITE, JR., Com'n Broker
23 South Third Street.

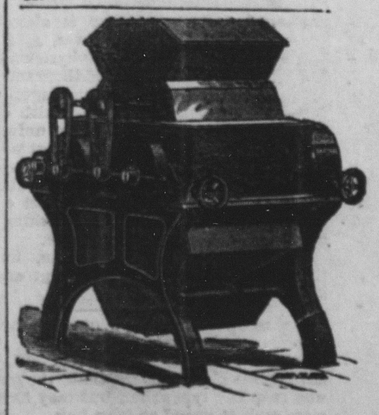
SPRING MILLS MARKET

Wheat—Red	95
White & Mixed	90
Rye	60
Corn, 45 shelled, and ears old	50
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	45
Cloverseed large	5 00
Cloverseed small	6 00
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 12; tallow, 6; lard, 8; ham, 12; shoulde 8; bacon or side, 8; eggs per dozen, 10 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3.00; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.



KURTZ

ROLLER FLOURING MILLS,

CENTRE HALL, PA.

NOW READY FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF

FLOUR & FEED.

FLOUR AND FEED WILL BE EXCHANGED FOR ALL KINDS OF GRAIN, AND AT RETAIL FOR CASH.

Highest Market Prices Paid for Grain.

The outfit of the mill is the finest and among the best in the world, and work will be done equal to any mill in the country.

FLOUR AND FEED AT WHOLESALE

KURTZ & SON.